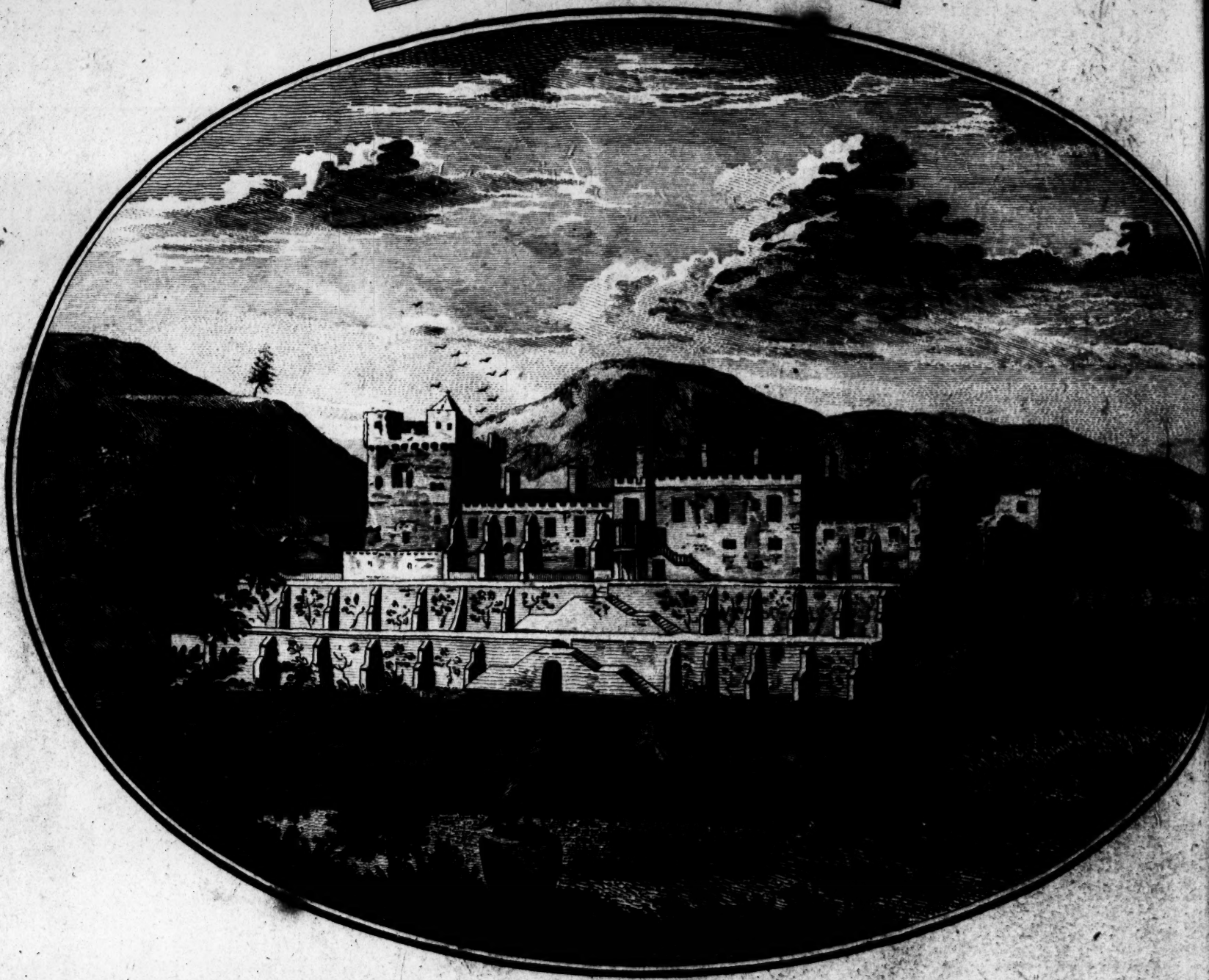


CRAZY CASTLE.



C R A Z Y
T A L E S.

840. £ 18
2

Σκηνη ζωης ὁ Βίος καὶ παιγνιον. ἡ μαθη παιζειν
Την σπυδην μεταθεῖς ἢ φερε τας οδυνας.

Life is a Farce, mere Children's Play,
Go learn to model thine by theirs,
Go learn to trifle Life away,
Or learn, to bear a Life of Cares.

*J'abandonne l'exaëtitude
Aux gens qui riment par métier;
D'autres font des vers par étude,
J'en fais pour me desennuier.*

GRESSET.

L O N D O N:
Printed in the YEAR MDCCLXII.



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428

Printed in the Year MDCCLXII.

THE
AUTHOR'S DEDICATION to Himself.

Ever honoured and worthy Sir,

ΠΑΝΤΩΝ δὲ μάλιστα αὐτῷ ἐσθλόν. The reverence and respect due to one's self is the greatest of all, says PYTHAGORAS: knowing how difficult it is to serve two masters, the Author is, and hopes he shall always continue, accountable only to one.

There is something so engaging in your service, that, though he can seldom do any thing entirely to your satisfaction, yet he cannot find in his heart to be angry with you, or to wish to change his dependence.

He is too sensible of your discernment to have any thoughts of wheedling you into an opinion of his performance; of the two he believes he could sooner prevail upon the world to be indulgent: the world has too much business upon its hands to be a severe judge, or to be difficult to please in trifles; the world must be amused, but, like the *besoin d'aimer*, there is no necessity for perfection to be one of the transient objects of its amusement.

All that the Author expects from you, is, that you will excuse his folly, and admit his apology for suffering such trifles to appear in publick; he can deal with other criticks well enough, if he is not condemned by you, being,

Ever honoured and worthy Sir,

with infinite attention,

your most humble servant,

A. S.

*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetas,
Excerptam numero-----*

*Ex hoc ego sanus ab illis
Perniciem quæcunque ferunt ; mediocribus, et queis
Ignoscas, vitiis teneor-----ubi quid datur otii,
Illudo chartis. Hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiis unum ; cui si concedere nolis,
Multa poëtarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi : nam multo plures sumus : ac veluti te
Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

By a *manœuvre* I conceive, &c. an ingenious Commentator may endeavour to charge the Author with impiety, as if he ridiculed Circumcision ; but, besides his being led into the mention of circumcision by Horace, he only speaks of the operation, not of the institution ; that there is an essential difference between them, as well as degrees of nicety or ingenuity in the operative part, he will demonstrate.

No body can deny the ingenuity of his Cousin TRISTRAM's operation, if it had been produced by contrivance and study, instead of accident. If all children were circumcised by the Shandean operation, by the fall of a sash upon the foreskin, the difference in the operation would make no change in the institution ; as a Priest would be a Priest, whether he received the Spirit by a gentle tap, or obtained it by a more violent kind of electricity, by being knocked down.

So far from any impiety in the Author's proposition, we are bound to believe, if there had been any sashes in the wilderness, that the Shandean operation would have been preferred to the Mosaick, which was performed by two flint stones ; because the Shandean is more expeditious, less painful, less dangerous, and consequently nicer and more ingenious. Q. E. D.

Upon a proper occasion the Author hopes he will be able to clear himself as fully of all intentional obscenity, which may also be imputed to him by an ingenious Commentator.

Trublet, vol. iv. p. 6. “ On compose pour imprimer, j'imprime pour composer. Si en composant je n'avois pas le but de l'impression, mon travail ne seroit pas assez animé pour me sauver de l'ennui, quelqu'eut été le sort de mes Essais, &c. J'en avois déjà retiré, avant de les publier, un fruit assez précieux que le succès même. Ils m'avoient longtems occupé sans trop m'appliquer.”

[♡]

THE

AUTHOR'S APOLOGY to Himself.

FREE from all pernicious vice
Yet not so scrupulously good,
To want a comfortable spice,
To warm a sober Christian's blood.

The sin of Harlotry and Keeping,
Is that which I can least excuse,
That of cohabiting and sleeping,
With an abandon'd common Muse.

More like a Muse's toad-eater;
A trollop with a flippant air,
Without one amiable feature,
Or any graces to her share.

You tell me, if I needs must print,
You'll not oppose my foolish will,
And bid me take a sober hint
From sober folks at Strawberry Hill.

Stand forth like them, produce yourself,
Be elegantly bound and letter'd,
Be wise, like them, nor quit your shelf,
But there remain, for ever fetter'd.

I do

I do not print to get a name;
 As TRUBLET says, I am none of those;
 I only print, because my aim
 Is happiness, whilst I compose:
 Composing gives us no delight,
 Unless we mean to publish what we write.

Scribbling, like Praying's, an employment,
 In which you would think yourself a bubble,
 Without some prospect of enjoyment,
 And satisfaction for your trouble;
 And though your hopes at last prove vain,
 If you have been amus'd, 'twas so much gain.

If you still tease me, and persist
 That publishing shews a vain heart,
 The Songsters upon DODSLEY'S list
 Shall be call'd in to take my part.

And as they strip a lad quite bare,
 After they've coax'd him from his play,
 Then lay him down, and cut and pare
 All his impediments away:

And as the lad without his leave
 Is made an excellent Musician,
 By a manœuvre I conceive
 As nice as TRISTRAM'S Circumcision:

So tho' you only just can scrape
Among the Fidlers of the Nine,
They'll make you drunker than an ape,
And make you think you fiddle fine.

PROLOGUE

So the you only just can escape
Among the fiddlers of the Mine,
They'll make you drunker than an ape,
And make you think you fiddle fine.

PROLOGUE

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

C R A Z Y T A L E S .

*Quod petis hic est,
Est Ulubris animus si te non deficit æquis.*

THERE is a Castle in the North,
Seated upon a swampy clay,
At present but of little worth,
In former times it had its day.

This antient Castle is call'd CRAZY,
Whose mould'ring walls a moat environs,
Which moat goes heavily and lazy,
Like a poor prisoner in irons.

Many a time I've stood and thought,
Seeing the boat upon this ditch,
It look'd as if it had been brought
For the amusement of a Witch,
To sail amongst applauding frogs,
With water-rats, dead cats and dogs.

B

The

The boat so leaky is and old,
That if you're fanciful and merry,
You may conceive, without being told,
That it resembles Charon's wherry.

A turrit also you may note,
Its glory vanish'd like a dream,
Transform'd, into a pigeon-coat,
Nodding beside the sleepy stream.

From whence, by steps with moss o'ergrown,
You mount upon a terrace high,
Where stands that heavy pile of stone,
Irregular and all awry.

If many a buttress did not reach,
A kind, and salutary hand,
Did not encourage, and beseech,
The terrace and the house to stand,
Left to themselves and at a loss,
They'd tumble down, into the foss.

Over the Castle hangs a tow'r,
Threatning destruction ev'ry hour,
Where owls, and bats, and the jackdaw,
Their Vespers and their Sabbath keep,
All night scream horribly, and caw,
And snore all day, in horrid sleep.

Oft at the quarrels and the noise
Of scolding maids or idle boys;

Myriads

PROLOGUE to the CRAZY TALES.

3

Myriads of rooks rise up and fly,
Like legions of damn'd souls,
As black as coals,
That foul and darken all the sky.

With wood the Castle is surrounded,
Except an opening to a Peak,
Where the beholder stands confounded,
At such a scene of mountains bleak;

Where nothing goes,
Except some solitary pewet,
And carrion crows,
That seem sincerely to rue it,
That look as if they had been banish'd,
And had been sentenc'd to be famish'd.

Where nothing grows,
So keen it blows,
Save here and there a graceless fir,
From Scotland, with its kindred fled,
That moves its arms, and makes a stir,
And tosses its fantastick head,
That seems to make a noise and cry,
Only for want of company.

So a Scotch Minister in pulpit,
Is wrought by his gesticulation,
'Till he is taken with a dull fit,
Peculiar to that vocation.

B 2

He

He cries, and throws about his snivel,
 Their hearts are harder than the flint,
 They let him weep alone, and drivel,
 For not a soul will take the hint.

In this retreat, whilom so sweet,
 Once TRISTRAM and his Cousin dwelt,
 They talk of CRAZY when they meet,
 As if their tender hearts would melt.

Confounded in Time's common urn,
 With Harlots, Ministers, and Kings,
 O could such scenes again return!
 Like those insipid common things!

Many a grievous, heavy heart,
 To CRAZY Castle would repair,
 That grew, from dragging like a cart,
 Elastick and as light as air.

Some fell to fiddling, some to fluting,
 Some to shooting, some to fishing,
 Others to pishing and disputing,
 Or to computing by wishing.

And in the evening when they met,
 To think on't always does me good,
 There never met a jollier set,
 Either before, or since the Flood.

PROLOGUE to the CRAZY TALES.

5

At long as CRAZY Castle lasts,
Their Tales will never be forgot,
And CRAZY may stand many blasts,
And better castles go to pot.

ANTONY, Lord of CRAZY Castle,
Neither a fisher, nor a shooter,
No man's, but any woman's vassal,
If he could find a way to suit her;
Collected all their Tales into a book,
Which you may see if you go there to look.

ANTO-

ANTONY'S TALE:

OR THE

Boarding-School TALE.

TALE I.

LUCY was not like other lasses,
 From twelve her breasts swell'd in a trice,
 First they were like two cupping-glasses,
 Then like two peaches made of ice,

With swimming eyes and golden locks,
 Golden embroidery and fringe,
 Like an ivory or Dresden box,
 Mounted with golden lips and hinge,

Or like the Glory round the head,
 Of virgin Saints weeping and pale,
 When they are sacrific'd, and led
 To martyrdom, or to a male.

Or as a comet's golden tale is ;
 Or like the undulating light
 Of the aurora borealis,
 In a serene autumnal night.

It

It is a shame, says her Mamma,
To see a child with bib and apron,
At BARE thirteen, an age so RAW,
Grown and furnish'd like a matron.

But if it was a Burning Shame,
Lucy was not at all to blame,
But they, who in her composition,
Infus'd that warmth which was the cause
Of such exuberant nutrition,
The work of vegetative laws.

'Twas at the age I mention'd,
Upon a very slight offence,
Lucy was condemn'd and pension'd,
Against all equity and sense,
Within a Boarding-school's detested walls,
Doom'd to feel all its rigours, all its thralls,

To endure the hunger and the chidings !
To feel the longings and the watchings !
To dread the stealings and the hidings !
To bear the quarrels and the scratchings !

And then such billings, and such cooings !
Such Miss-demeanours and excuses !
Such Miss-takes, and such Miss-doings !
And such Miss-fortunes and abuses !

There

There was a Captain of the Guards,
A famous Knight of Arthur's table,
Expert in woman, vers'd in cards,
A brother of the Turf and Stable.

He had such a command of features,
And was so droll and full of sport,
He could take off all the queer creatures,
And oddities of Arthur's Court.

Set Arthur's Worthies in a row,
So very comical a Knight,
You could not fingle out and shew,
Nor one that gave so much delight.

One day whilst our Knight was busy,
Extremely busy with her Mother,
Lucy had run 'till she was dizzy,
About the Garden with her brother.

The Captain's business being done,
He faunter'd up and down the Garden,
As if he had neither lost nor won,
As if he did not care a farthing.

Yet his attention was profound,
Observing Lucy grown so tall;
Contemplating her breasts as round,
And springy as a tennis ball.

ANTONY'S TALE

9

The fight, indeed, was quite bewitching,
I think I see him whilst I'm scribbling,
Mouth watering, and fingers itching,
To be both fingering and nibbling.

To gratify the two young chicks,
He roll'd his eyes, and acted Punch;
Playing a thousand monkey tricks,
Making his back a perfect bunch.

With many a filthy slobbering kiss,
Courting in Punch's squeaking tone,
And wriggling and embracing Miss,
As Punch embraces his wife Joan.

And how to imitate a breast,
The Captain said that Miss had plac'd,
Swelling on each side of her chest,
Two little dumplings made of paste;
At which Punch gap'd, and swore an oath,
That he would take and eat them both.

On Lucy's neck the hungry spark
Hung fix'd, like an envenom'd snake,
Leaving a deep indented mark,
Which her Mamma could not mistake;
For which irregular proceeding,
Lucy was sent to study breeding.

C

Lucy

LUCY was angry with good cause,
For she had seen in former days,
Necks very like her own Mamma's,
Without a handkerchief or stays,

It might be fuller and more nourish'd,
And yet a neck, not more inviting,
Lucy had seen it scrawl'd and flourish'd
Both with marks, and with hand-writing.

LUCY, tho' watchful and awake,
And mighty curious to know;
Perhaps was under a mistake,
What she had seen was long ago :

Would it not make one almost wild,
If it was not so very common;
To see one punish'd like a child,
Only for acting like a woman?
To see the moment after, may be,
Her mother acting like a baby.

Sent to a Governess of spirit,
Lucy was watch'd from head to foot,
Just like a rabbit with a ferret,
For ever at the rabbit's scut.
All the whole day in durance kept,
At night the Governess with Lucy slept.

But

A N T O N Y ' s T A L E . 11

But LUCY neither slept, nor slumber'd,
She toss'd, and tumbled all the night;
Her spirits were so much encumber'd,
And flurry'd by the Captain's bite.

Whether their poison they impart,
By teeth, or nails, or by a sting,
There is a virtue in some part,
Of every poisonous thing.

Tho' the experiment should fright her,
Enough to throw her in a fit,
LUCY must apply the biter,
Unto the poison'd part that's bit.

Granted; but how could she contrive
To bring so hard a point to bear?
'Twould puzzle any wit alive,
That had not a great deal to spare.

There's a remark, 'twas made long since,
MACHIAVELL made it for his Prince;
"A Prince, says he, completely cruel,
"Throughout inexorably bad,
"Is an inestimable jewel,
"Seldom or never to be had."

Tho' cruel often, and hard-hearted,
Lucy's Mamma, at last, could not withstand,
She gave her blessing when they parted,
And slipp'd a guinea into Lucy's hand.

With one poor guinea Lucy bought
All that the Wise, the Rich, and Great,
So frequently in-vain have fought,
Both in the world and their retreat :

No Potentate could ever buy it,
Nor any child of Power and Wealth,
Tranquillity or mental Quiet,
With Liberty, Content, and Health.

Lucy conducted her affairs,
So circumspectly, and so snug,
By bribes she gain'd a friend down stairs,
And made a purchase of a drug,
Which drug is, in the vulgar tongue,
Commonly call'd, The Devil's Dung.

Within the lining of her gown,
In two small bags under each arm,
She beat and sow'd it nicely down,
As if she had sow'd down a charm.

The exhalation was so strong
 From every part of LUCY's cloaths,
 The Misses, as she pass'd along,
 Brushed away, and held their nose.

By far the greatest part presum'd,
 That it was owing to her hair,
 Others presum'd she was perfum'd,
 From being rotten as a pear.

The scent so violent was grown,
 Her Governess was forc'd to yield,
 The room, the maid, were all her own,
 Arms, tents, and baggage, and the field.

ODE to VENUS.

O VENUS, awful Sovereign of the Spring,
 Could I like thy LUCRETIVS sing,
 Here would I pause, thy wonders to relate!
 Here would I pause, to hymn thy praise,
 In adamant words, stronger than Fate,
 And everlasting as his lays!

O'er seas and deserts, undismay'd,
 Strengthen'd by thy inspiring breath,
 The timorous and bashful maid,
 Faces both Infamy and Death.

Driven.

Driven by thy incens'd divinity,
Confounding equity and truth,
Order and rank, and consanguinity,
And loathsome age and blooming youth.

Behold the frantick passion how it burns,
Like a wild beast breaks every tie,
Laughs at the Priest; the Legislator spurns,
And gives both heav'n and earth the lie!

Let youth and insolence alone,
Provoke thy vengeance every hour,
But O! spare those that know, that own,
Adore, and tremble at thy power.

With thy propitious doves descend,
And hear the tender virgin's sighs,
The humble and the meek defend,
And bid the prostrate suppliant rise.

By VENUS LUCY, was protected,
Nothing was hurry'd, or neglected,
The Misses, tho' she was quite well,
Toss'd up their noses, full of airs,
Tho' LUCY now had no one smell,
That was not pleasanter than theirs.

For a whole winter, every night
 (Which made the wench grow monstrous thin)
 'Till the war call'd him out to fight,
 Had SUSAN let the Captain in.

Scarce had he left his native coast,
 'Till LUCY summon'd home, became
 A celebrated London toast,
 And the first favourite of Fame.

LUCY was follow'd by a Peer,
 But all his arts could not trepan her,
 After a siege of a whole year,
 My Lord was forc'd to change his manner;
 So, like a wise and virtuous girl,
 LUCY, at last, was marry'd to an Earl.

My

My COUSIN'S TALE

OF

A COCK and a BULL.

TALE II

AT CAMBRIDGE many years ago,

In JESUS, was a Walnut-tree ;

The only thing, it had to shew,

The only thing, folks went to see,

Being of such a size and mass,

And growing in so wise a College,

I wonder how it came to pass,

It was not call'd the Tree of Knowledge.

Indeed, if you attempt to run,

(The air so heavy is, and muddy)

Any great length beyond a pun,

You'll be obliged to sweat and study.

This is the reason 'tis so good for tiffs,

And will account, why no one sops,

No Fellow, ever could hit off,

To call this Tree, the Tree of Metaphysics.

Tho'

Tho', in the midst of the quadrangle,
 They ev'ry one were taught their trade;
 They ev'ry one were taught to wrangle,
 Beneath its scientific shade.

It overshadow'd ev'ry room,
 And consequently, more or less,
 Forc'd ev'ry brain, in such a gloom,
 To grope its way, and go by guess.

For ever going round about;
 For that which lies before your nose,
 And when you come to find it out,
 It is not like what you suppose.

So have I often seen in fogs,
 A may-pole taken for a steeple;
 Christians oft mistook for hogs,
 Horses ta'en for Christian people.

This stroke upon my tender brain
 Remains, I doubt, impress'd for ever,
 For to this day, when with much pain,
 I try to think strait on, and clever,
 I fiddle out again, and strike
 Into the beautiful oblique.

D

There-

Therefore, I have no one notion,
That is not form'd, like the designing
Of the peristaltick motion;
Vermicular; twisting and twining;
Going to work
Just like a bottle-skew upon a cork.

This obliquity of thinking
I cur'd, formerly, by Logick,
And a habitude of drinking,
Infusions paedagogick.

The cure is worse than the disease,
'Tis just like drinking so much gall;
So I keep thinking at my ease;
That is, I never think at all.

Thus a presuming Miss designs,
Quite over-whelm'd with foolish pride,
She drops her paper with black lines,
And trusts herself without a guide.

No longer kept within due bounds,
For any thing that you can say,
Her letters like unruly hounds,
Running all a different way;
No longer writes as heretofore,
But writes awry both now and ever more.

But

But, *a propos*, of bottle-fkrews,

You've seen a Parson at a table,
Whose business was to read the news,
And draw a cork, if he was able.

And do remember, I dare say,

The foolish figure that he makes,
When the cork will not come away,
For all the pains the Parson takes.

By bit and bit he makes it come,

'Till he is forc'd against his will,
To push it forward with his thumb;
He has conducted it so ill.

Thus with my head have I been here,

Screwing to get at what I wanted:

That you might have a Tale as clear

And bright, as if it was decanted.

But as your time and patience are so short,

I'll try to get at it in any sort.

IN Italy there is a town,

Anciently of great renown;

Call'd, by the Volscians, *Privernum*;

A fortress against the Romans,

Maintain'd, because it did concern 'em,

Spite of Rome, and all her omens;

But to their cost,

At the long run their town was lost.

Whether 'twas forc'd or did surrender,

You never need, my dear Sir, know,

Provided you will but remember,

Privernum signifies Piperno.

Close by the Franciscan Friars,

There liv'd a Saint, as all declare,

All the world cannot be liars,

Which Saint wrought miracles by pray'r.

Her life so holy was, and pure,

Her pray'rs, at all times they believe,

Could heirs or heiresses secure,

And make the barren womb conceive.

Which was a safe expedient,

And wonderful convenient :

For there was not a barren womb,

That might not try,

Going between Naples and Rome,

As she pass'd by.

My story will not be the worse,

If you'll reflect with patience,

Upon the constant intercourse

Between the neighbour nations.

It

It is so great, that I dare say,
The Saint could have but little ease,
She must have been both night and day,
Continually on her knees.

For I can prove it very clear,
That many of those wombs are barren,
Which wombs, were they transplanted here,
Would breed like rabbits in a warren.

Near Terracina, once call'd Anxur,
There is a place call'd Bosco Folto,
A castle standing on a bank, Sir,
The seat of the Marchese STOLTO.

In history you all have read,
Most of you have, I'm pretty sure,
How on that road there is no bed,
Nor any inn, you can endure.

For STOLTO I had got a letter,
From my good friend, Prince MALA-FEDE,
And from the Princess a much better,
Wrote to his Excellency's Lady.

The Marquis is advanc'd in years,
And dries you so, there's no escaping,
The merriest, when he appears,
Yawn, and set the rest a gaping,

Seccare

Seccare is a word of fun ;
 It means to dry, as you may find,
 Not like the fire, or like the sun,
 But like a cold unpleasant wind.

But she is perfectly well bred ;
 Neither too forward, nor too shy :
 I never did, in any head,
 In all my life, see such an eye ;

Nor such a head on any shoulders ;
 Nor such a neck, with such a swell,
 That could present itself so well,
 To all the critical beholders.

Four years the Marquis was hum-dramming,
 In that same place, with his bed-fellow,
 Waiting for the happy coming
 Of a young Marquis, a **STOLTELLO**.

As soon as ever he arrives,
 The family is to be sent to
 The Cardinal at Benevento,
 For the remainder of their lives.

The Cardinal is **STOLTO**'s nephew,
 His age is only twenty-seven ;
 And of that age there are but few,
 Who think, like him, of nought but Heav'n.

His

His aunt will manage and take care
Of all the Cardinal's affairs,
STOLTELLO is to be his heir,
When he has finish'd all his prayers.

STOLTO may live as he thinks good,
His life delightfully will run,
Between his castle in the wood,
His wife, his nephew, and his son.

And yet according to Fame's trumpet,
Who very seldom trumpets right,
His wife was reckon'd a great strumpet,
His nephew a great hypocrite.

I don't believe a word of that,
The world will talk, and let it chat:
You cannot think her in the wrong,
To grow quite weary of the place,
She thought STOLTELLO staid so long,
He was asham'd to shew his face.

STOLTO had heard the Holy Maid
Always cry'd up both far and near,
And he believ'd she could persuade
His son STOLTELLO to appear.

Considering what time was past,
 How they had try'd, and better try'd,
 STOLTO advis'd his wife at last,
 To go and be fecundify'd.

The Marquis told me the whole story,
 Which he had from the Marchesina,
 And it is so much to her glory;
 'Tis all the talk of Terracina.

The very night that she came back,
 He was in such a fisting cue;
 He almost put her to the rack,
 'Till she discover'd all she knew.

First his acknowledgment being paid,
 A pepper-cornish kind of due;
 As they were laid, compos'd and staid,
 She told him just as I tell you:

Before the Marchioness sets out,
 'Tis proper, on reflection,
 To obviate a certain doubt,
 That looks like an objection.

Here, because they know no better,
 The snarlers think they've found a bone;
 They think the Marquis would not let her
 Go such an errand all alone.

A Lady,

A Lady, you must understand,
That visits, to fulfil HER vows,
A holy house, or holy land,
Commonly goes without her spouse.

And so, by keeping herself still,
Quiet and sober in her bed,
She never thinks of any ill,
Nothing unclean enters her head.

You're satisfy'd your doubt was weak,
And now the Marchioness may speak.
As you foretold, before I went,
The Saint was so engag'd, and watch'd,
That a whole week and more was spent,
Before my bus'ness was dispatch'd.

Indeed you would have greatly pity'd,
If you had seen me but, my Dear ;
Howe'er, at last, I was admitted,
And what I met with you shall hear.

The Saint and I sat on a bench ;
Before us, on a couch there lay,
A pretty little naked wench,
That minded nothing but her play.

E

Her

Her play, was playing with a mouse,
That popp'd its head in, went and came,
And nestled in its little house,
It was so docible and tame.

Guess where the mouse had found a bower?
You are so dull, it is a shame;
You cannot guess in half an hour,
I'll lay your hand upon the same.

These, cry'd the Saint, are all ideal,
Visions all, and nothing real,
Yet they will animate your blood,
And rouse and warm the pregnant powers,
Just like the ling'ring sickly bud,
Open'd by fructifying showers.

If you are violently heated,
Remember, in your greatest needs,
Your Ave Mary be repeated,
'Till you have gone thro' all your Beads:
Take heed, they're going to begin,
I see the visions coming in.

First came a Cock, and then a Bull,
And then a Heifer and a Hen;
'Till they had got their bellies full,
On and off, and on again.

And

And then I spy'd a foolish Filly,
That was redue'd to a strange pass,
Languishing, and looking filly,
At the proposals of an Ass.

I turn'd about and saw a fight,
Which was a fight I could not bear,
A filthy Horse, with all his might,
Gallanting with a filthy Mare.

And lo! there came a dozen Priests!
And all the Priests shaven and shorn!
And they were like a dozen beasts,
Naked as ever they were born:
And they pass'd on,
One by one,
Ev'ry one with an exalted horn.

Then they drew up and stood a while,
In rank and file,
And after, march'd off the parade,
One by one,
Falling upon,
The miserable, naked Maid.

Nothing could equal my surprize,
To see her go thro' great and small!
And after that, to see her rise,
And turn the joke upon them all!

And I kept praying still and counting,
 In a prodigious fret and heat,
 And she successively kept mounting,
 And always kept a steady feat.

'Till having finish'd her career,
 The Priests were terribly perplex'd,
 They could not tell which way to steer,
 Nor where about to settle next.

Brother was running after Brother,
 Turning their horns against each other,
 The Holy Maid cry'd out aloud,
 Heaven deliver us from sin ;
 And I turn'd up my eyes and bow'd,
 And said Amen within :
 The instant that I spoke,
 The visions vanish'd into smoke.

Now, said the Marchioness, and smil'd,
 I'll give a penny for your thought;
 I'll lay, you think, if we've a child,
 STOLTELLO will be dearly bought?

Accordingly the Marquis swore,
 That very night he did a feat,
 Which he had seldom done before,
 That night he ran a second heat.

And

And from that night computing fair,
She had conceiv'd,
About five months when I was there,
As both the Marchioness and he believ'd.

For four months after I repass'd,
Calling again, to avoid those inns,
And found her brought to-bed, at last,
Of twins,
So stout, the brothers might have pass'd for
POLLUX and CASTOR.

And so, at last, his cost and toil,
The Marquis was oblig'd to own,
Were laid out on a grateful soil,
At last, he reap'd as he had sown.

M I S S in her T E E N S:
Captain S H A D O W's T A L E.

T A L E III.

MISS MOLLY was almost fourteen,
 Her Cousin DICK a year older,
 The difference of a year between,
 Was very easy to be seen,
 For DICK was grown a year bolder.

Tho' he was grown bolder and braver,
 MOLLY grew bashfuller and shier,
 So serious, and so much graver,
 She hardly would let DICK come nigh her.

The year before, upon no score,
 Would DICK be caught in such a trick,
 As either peeping thro' a nick,
 Or thro' the key-hole of a door.

The year before Miss had no fears,
 And there was no such thing as squealing,
 And DICK had neither eyes nor ears,
 Neither taste, nor smell, nor feeling.

Until this year, as I have heard,
DICK was unlucky, but not rude;
And MOLLY so far from a prude,
"Till now her door was never barr'd.

One afternoon Mamma rode out,
Papa was laid up in the gout,
Well, and what became of MOLLY?
If she had taken her to ride,
She should have been confin'd and try'd,
For flagrant and wilful folly.

When they are let out of the cage,
Without consideration,
All children of a certain age,
Are giv'n to observation.

Their judgment's so exceeding weak
Their fancy so exceeding strong,
That you can neither act nor speak,
They are so apt to take things wrong.

So neither Miss, nor DICK the sapling,
With Madam rides,
She is attended by the Chaplain
And none besides.

Which

Which of the two were better pleas'd,
Is difficult to say, I own,
Miss and Papa had been so teaz'd,
They both were pleas'd to be alone.

Up to her chamber MOLLY's flown,
Fast bolted is her chamber door,
So cautious the damsel's grown,
From what Miss MOLLY was before.

Ever since DICK began to pry,
Ever since MOLLY cast her frock,
She never ventures to rely
On the protection of a lock.

MOLLY suspects her cousin DICK,
Her cousin DICK's so plaguy fly,
That lock, or any lock can pick,
That DICK has any mind to try.

DICK pick the lock! it could not be,
If MOLLY only had the sense,
As soon as she had turn'd the key,
Not to have taken it from thence.

MOLLY would gladly have compounded,
If DICK would let her scape so cheap,
Whenever MOLLY was impounded,
She left that hole for DICK to peep.

She

She knew there was no keeping,
 Her cousin DICK from peeping :
 For sure as ever you're alive,
 Either with gimlet or skewer,
 Her cousin RICHARD would contrive
 To bore a hole, somewhere, to view her.

For some particular affair,
 That MOLLY had in agitation,
 She did not at that juncture care,
 To be expos'd to speculation.

She clap'd a fire-skreen to the hole,
 To hinder cousin DICK from spying ;
 Little imagining, poor soul,
 That DICK was in her closet lying.

The room, as you have heard me tell,
 At all times had been MOLLY's own,
 The closet was a citadel
 Of a late date, to awe the town.

Mamma had thought upon the case,
 And thinking made her more afraid,
 A closet was a dangerous place
 For stratagem and ambuscade ;
 So the room still to Miss remains,
 The fort to Mamma appertains.

The key that opens this fame fort,
Mamma had lost, in a strange fort,
In riding out, the key she lost;

And it was found by Dick at play,
Upon the spot where it was toss'd,
Upon a heap of new made hay.

Her pad, I fancy, for my part,
Is badly broke, and apt to start:

And by a sudden jirk or spring,
Or swing, or some such thing;

Out flew the key, as if a stone

Had flown,
Out of a sling.

Pray, where was Miss's great neglect?

Where was her indiscretion?

This treach'rous key could she suspect

To be in Dick's possession?

She was so deliberate and cool,

Each nook and cranny she survey'd;

She even examin'd the close-stool,

But Dick was in the closet laid.

Whate'er he saw, Dick never told,

And that is much for one so young,

When people that are twice as old,

Have twice as indiscreet a tongue.

It must be something curious,
 Some extraordinary matter,
 DICK star'd and look'd so furious,
 When he bound out and flew at her.

Tho' she was cruelly betray'd,
 DICK made up matters very soon,
 MOLLY was reconcil'd, DICK stay'd
 And spent a pleasant afternoon.

The point was long, and well debated,
 But DICK so solemnly protested,
 By MOLLY he was reinstated,
 And with the key fairly invested.

Mamma perceiv'd the key was stray'd,
 And sent the Chaplain out to look,
 'Twas not for that she was dismay'd,
 But she had lost her pocket-book.

He found the book, which was the best;
 As to the key, the careful mother,
 Before she laid her head to rest,
 Sent and bespoke just such another.

'Twas well, she let the lock remain;
 Had it been chang'd on his report,
 It would have caus'd infinite pain,
 And spoil'd a deal of harmless sport.

In a short time MOLLY grew fick,
Every day ficker and ficker,
MOLLY's complaints came very thick,
Every day thicker and thicker.
She was advis'd to change the air,
She did, but no-body knows where.

MOLLY came home a different thing,
Both in her shape and every feature,
From what she went away in spring,
You never saw a virgin sweeter.

'Squire NODDY coming from his travels,
By MOLLY is a captive led,
He to her Sire his mind unravels,
Her Sire consents, and MOLLY's wed.

It is six years that 'Squire NODDY
Has had the care of MOLLY's body;
And they have children half a dozen;
But what is very odd is this,
That none of all the six should miss,
But every one be like her cousin.

ZACHARY'S TALE;
OR THE
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND Cured.

The ACTORS in this DRAMATICK TALE, are

The Suspicious Husband,	ANGRAVALLE.
His Wife,	BINDOCCHIA.
Her Friend,	PAULINA.
Her Husband's Friend,	NICENO.

SCENE NAPLES.

PART the FIRST.

Z. M. Esquire,

A living Monument,
Of the Friendship and Generosity of the Great;
After an Intimacy of thirty Years,
With most of the great Personages of these Kingdoms,
Who did him the Honour to assist him,
In the laborious Work,
Of getting to the far End of a great Fortune,
These his Noble Friends,
From Gratitude for the many happy Days and Nights
Enjoy'd by his Means,
Exalted him, through their Influence,
In the forty-seventh year of his Age,
To an Ensigncy;
Which he actually enjoys at present
In GIBRALTAR.

O D E to Z A C H A R Y.

*Omnis Aristippum decuit, color, et modus, et res—
Nunc in Aristippi furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor—*

WHAT sober heads hast thou made ake?
How many hast thou kept from nodding?
How many wise-ones, for thy sake,
Have flown to thee, and left off plodding?

Thou wouldst, altho' the grave-ones shake
Their solemn locks, and strike one mute,
As soon be in the infernal lake,
As in the place of P--T or B--TE;

Whose heads incessantly send forth
Projects, with glitt'ring trains, like squibs,
And scatter, through the South and North,
Vollies of Ministerial Fibs.

Asleep, down precipices hurry'd,
Or, like PROMETHEUS chain'd to rocks—
By vulturs gnaw'd, or monsters worry'd,
Hell-hounds, whose cry is, *Dei Vox—*

Or,

Or, victims to a heavier curse,
 They dream they're dup'd, and fall unpity'd;
 To fall a dupe, is ten times worse,
 Than to be worried and dewitted.

Philosophy and Grace is thine,
 Not spiritual Grace, but sprightly;
 Inspir'd by the God of Wine,
 Like old ANACREON nightly.

That Light divine, that heav'nly Grace,
 I fear, alas! thou wouldst not chuse;
 That shines and blackens WHITFIELD's face,
 Like the japan upon his shoes.

Whether thy Grace from Heav'n descends,
 Or rises from the earth below,
 Oft hast thou rais'd thy helpless friends,
 Oft giv'n thy purse unto thy foe---

Who gives his foe his purse outright,
 Shews plain, if I have any skill,
 Not only that he bears no spite,
 But that he bears him a good will.

And also, is perhaps as meek,
 And is as little of a bite,
 As he who only gives his cheek
 (For LESLY gives nought else) to smite:

Or

Or WHITFIELD emptying the pockets
Of whores, and bawds, and gaping throngs;
Turning his eyes out of their sockets,
Singing and selling DAVID's songs.

Now thou art gone, where can I find
Spirit and ease above controul,
Serenity and health of mind,
And gaiety and strength of soul?
Precepts I find, examples none,
And guides as blind as a guide-stone.

The sportive Muse is my Physician,
To cure the folly, and the madness,
Of Pride, of Envy, and Ambition;
Of Spleen, and melancholy Sadness.

Soon as I touch the jocund lyre,
That instant, driven from their seat,
The dæmons of the mind retire,
And go and persecute the Great.

O! may their torments never cease,
May they be scourg'd both night and day,
'Till they have brought thee back in peace,
And then, like thee, may they be ever gay!

This is so long a Tale, that ZACHARY thought it would be better divided into Two Parts.

BANDELLO lived in the sixteenth century, in high reputation for his wit, and corresponded with all the great men of that age: He retired into France upon the taking of Milan by the Spaniards, at which time all his papers were burnt: In 1551 he was made Bishop of Agen in France, where his Novels were first published.

Outcries against writings, composed with no worse intention than to promote good-humour and chearfulness, by fighting against the *Tædium Vitæ*, were reserved for an age of refined hypocrisy. There ought to be a great distinction between obscenity, evidently designed to inflame the passions, and a ludicrous liberty, which is frequently necessary to shew the true ridicule of hypocritical characters, which can give offence to none, but such as are afraid of every thing that has a tendency to unmasking.

The second part of this Tale is upon a different plan from BANDELLO'S: ZACHARY has told the Bishop's Tale with more modesty than the Bishop, and I think the catastrophe is more natural. The best edition of BANDELLO is printed at Lucca in 1554, and reprinted in London, in three volumes, quarto, 1740.

ZACHARY'S

ZACHARY'S TALE.

T A L E IV.

HOW oft has BOCCACE been translated
 And blunder'd,
 And JEAN FONTAINE assassinated,
 And plunder'd :

Where is the land where BOCCACE and FONTAINE
 Have not in effigy been slain ?

FONTAINE they imitate and turn,
 BOCCACE they represent and render,
 Just as the figures made to burn,
 Are like the Pope and the Pretender.

Why mayn't BANDELLO have a rap ?
 Why mayn't I imitate BANDELLO ?
 There never was a Prelate's cap
 Bestow'd upon a droller fellow ?

Like TRISTRAM, in mirth delighting ;
 Like TRISTRAM, a pleasant Writer ;
 Like his, I hope, that TRISTRAM's writing
 Will be rewarded with a Mitre.

There was a Knight, says our Bishop,
 A Knight from Aragon in Spain,
 So jealous, that you cannot fish up
 His like and paragon again :

He serv'd ALPHONSUS many years,
Both in the wars and in affairs of State,
And fell in love up to the ears,
And would not give it up at any rate.
By bribes and flattery he won
Father, mother, daughter, and son.

And yet he serenaded, sigh'd,
And was long doubtful of his doom,
Before he gain'd his lovely Bride,
With all the rights of a Bridegroom.

And after that, they tell us,
That in less time than you would think,
He grew so plaguy jealous,
He could not sleep o' nights a wink.

He was not jealous, says the Tale,
All the time he was in training;
'Twas not 'till he began to fail,
And to fall off, by over-straining.

As soon as ever he train'd off,
The nights she pass'd can scarce be told;
All night he could do nought but cough,
Torment, and tantalize, and scold.

BINDOCCHIA

BINDOCCHIA was lively and alert,
And had no notion of a bridle,
She requir'd one, not only more expert,
But one as active as her spouse was idle.

NOW ANGRAVALLE knew all this,
As well as either you or I,
When he thought proper to dismiss
Those, on whose help he might rely.

He turn'd off men and maids,
All together ;
Birds of a feather ;
Rogues, and intriguing jades ;
All but a fellow with a surly look,
Gard'ner, butler, groom, and cook :

And, to cut off all hopes to come,
From an intriguing maid at least,
He pick'd up one both deaf and dumb,
And neither fit for man nor beast---

Besides, he had such crotchets in his pate,
And such strange notions,
She could not cross the room without her mate
To watch her motions.

BINDOCCHIA was to be pity'd,
So watch'd, so scolded, so ill fitted.

Considering

Considering cuckoldom's a sentence,
That cannot be revers'd and null,
By commutation nor repentance,
Nor by his Holiness's Bull :

I cannot think he was to blame,
So much as many folks pretend,
To shut his doors, and to disclaim
All intercourse with ev'ry friend.

Those cuckolds, it can't be disputed,
That either Heaven or earth can boast,
Have been, and always are, cornuted
By those in whom they trust the most.

However, all were not deny'd ;
He had a friend he valu'd next his life ;
A friend that he had often try'd ;
One, by good luck, related to his wife.

He was admitted, night or day,
To dine or sup,
Or to step up,
If he was not inclin'd to stay.
NICENO had an equal share
In the affections of this pair.

After

After much thought and perturbation,
BINDOCCHIA grew to have less care,
For the continual defalcation
In ANGRAVALLE's bills of fare---

Though you may think her patience strange,
She thought, but not without some doubt,
The posture of affairs would change,
That things would turn, and come about.

Two months were gone, which was a shame,
Without receiving any news,
Though she had oft put in her claim,
And often stickled for her dues;
The longer he was in arrear,
Her case and his grew still more queer.

In short, there was no end of waiting;
Her Husband grew so great a debtor,
There was no way of calculating
The chances of his growing better---

Now, Ladies, I desire to know,
In such a situation,
Was it unnatural, or no,
To cast her eyes on her Relation?

Observe,

Observe, I said to cast her eyes;
With those 'twas natural to speak;
To mingle also a few sighs,
With a few roses in each cheek:
Except a blush, a sigh, a soft regard,
All other forms of speech are barr'd.

Accordingly, within her lips
She had a tongue in due subjection;
Not apt to wander, and make slips,
Without her order and direction.

One day she went, upon leave granted,
To see her Cousin---pray, take notice, Sirs?
A female that she often haunted,
NICENO's Cousin too, as well as hers;
As usual, attended by the Mute,
And by the Gardener, her fellow-brute---

PAULINA was her Cousin's name,
A perfect Saint in her demeanour;
Though she was spotless in her fame,
Never was any thing uncleaner:

She could impose upon the Wife and Grave,
And could, with TITUS, safely swear,
She never lost a day that she could save,
Nor sav'd a night that she could spare.

BINDOCCHIA

BINDOCCHIA told her Husband's case,
His former feats were not deny'd;
But then his subsequent disgrace,
By rhetorick was amplify'd.

By what means, or discovery,
Her Friend reply'd, can you be sure,
That he is past recovery,
That he is even past your cure?

There's a disorder we call Fumbling,
Amongst the men call'd Fighting shy,
Teazing, tumbling, squeezing, mumbling,
Still worse and worse, the more they try.

Upon our skill in this disease,
All our whole happiness depends;
All our importance, all our ease,
All our pow'r of obliging friends.

We must, when call'd to their assistance,
Chearfully undergo the Law;
'Tis death to them to shew resistance,
And worse than death to laugh, or pshaw.

With all their humours, all their fancies,
In ev'ry form, in ev'ry shape,
We must comply; nay, make advances,
To help them out of such a scrape.

H

'Tis

'Tis by this single piece of skill,
That I command and rule,
And make my headstrong mule
Submit entirely to my will.

BINDOCCHIA, indeed, I fear,
That you, like many a Beauty,
Think that your goods ought to come clear
Of ev'ry charge, and ev'ry duty :

And so they will, my dear, by smuggling ;
But the foundation must be laid,
By honest industry and struggling ;
By credit in a lawful trade.
Have you with both your mind and might,
Endeavour'd to set matters right ?

Casting her eyes upon a crucifix,
That hung within her cousin's bed ;
BINDOCCHIA said, I have try'd all the tricks,
That ever enter'd in a head.

I could as soon persuade those thieves,
To steal away and leave their crosses ;
Or the fall'n tree with wither'd leaves,
To rise, and to repair its losses.
There never will be life within that lump,
'Till the dead rise at the last trump.

PAULINA,

ZACHARY'S TALE.

51

PAULINA, this is my decree,
My Spouse must have a Coadjutor,
His Friend, all precedents agree,
Should be preferr'd to ev'ry suitor.

I need not tell you whom I mean,
Nor ask my Friend to go between :
He has had innuendo's many,
But make NICENO understand,
That scruples, if he has any,
Are just like letters wrote on sand :

Or like the fears of truuant boys,
Which interrupt their brisk career,
And for a moment damp their joys,
But the next moment disappear :

Or like a boy in brief dispute,
Whether it is a sin to pull
A pocket full of tempting fruit,
Or rob an orchard that's quite full :
Nature decides, and doubt no longer hampers,
He fills his pockets, and he scampers.

In fine,
PAULINA relish'd her design,
Her Friend, by the same guard escorted,
Return'd, to her old station,
That night, PAULINA, 'tis reported,
Finish'd her negotiation.

H 2

Her

Her arguments had so much weight,
NICENO gave up the debate.

BINDOCCHIA, put upon her mettle,
Assembles and convenes,
Her powers, and all her wits, to settle
And find out ways and means:

She had not been an hour acquainted,
With her Friend's motion and success,
'Till she was taken ill and fainted,
And carry'd off, and forc'd t' undress.

Her mouth was drawn aside and purs'd,
Her head turn'd like the flying chair,
That children ride in at a fair;
Her stomach swell'd, and like to burst.

All night in bed she made a riot,
Her Husband thought she was possess'd,
She never had a moment's quiet,
Nor he a single minute's rest.

Just at the time that the cock crew,
Out of the bed BINDOCCHIA flew,
In the next chamber was a water closet,
Where she began to grunt and moan,
As if she was making a deposit,
And was delivering a stone.

Her

Her Husband rose and follow'd near,
And if she had been off her guard,
She could have heard with half an ear,
He puff'd, and fetch'd his breath so hard,
By smothering his cough he kept a wheezing,
Which for a list'ner is as bad as sneezing.

Hearing him wheeze, she blew a gale,
That seem'd to issue from behind,
And made her Husband turn his sail,
And brush away before the wind.

So well did she perform her part,
Trumpeting with her mouth and hand;
He had no mistrust of any art,
Or any dealings contraband.

At ev'ry foul report and crack,
That she in agony let fly,
He mov'd, and slunk a little back,
Like a judicious able spy.

Scarce were they laid till he began to snore,
BINDOCCHIA started out of bed once more,
And soon spoil'd ANGRAYALLE's snoring;
He thought it was a kettle-drum,
For never any mortal bum,
Made such a rattling and roaring.

Again

Again he was upon his feet,
Again she was all wind and griping;
Again he made a safe retreat,
The instant that he heard her wiping.

His jealous freaks were never so kept under,
But they would quickly shoot and flow'r,
To ev'ry one's astonishment and wonder,
Like mushrooms in a thunder show'r.

The moment he began to doze,
It was in vain to think of sleeping;
She started up, whipt on her cloaths,
Ran off, and he came after creeping.

'Till broad day-light,
There was no sign at all of ending,
For she kept going all the night,
And he kept list'ning and attending.
The female cousins, with much laughter,
Concerted all the scenes hereafter.

Next day, the better to impose,
She kept her bed fatigu'd with purging,
And yet BINDOCCHIA often rose,
Her provocations were so urging.

The night was like the night before,
Hurrying, trumpeting, dispatching:
The same attendant at the door,
For ever listening and catching:
'Till he was weary'd out and spent,
And quite convinc'd no harm was meant.

At three o'clock that very morning,
An hour convenient for horning,
NICENO, punctual to his call,
In the next chamber was in waiting,
Convey'd thro' a window of the hall,
Without much doubting and debating.

There was no servant there to fear,
Except the Mute, and none slept sounder,
And she so deaf, she could not hear
Ev'n an eight and forty pounder.

The Gardener, by way of Groom,
The only one watchful and able,
Laid at a distance in a room,
Over the stable.

And now BINDOCCHIA went to reap,
The fruits of all her labour,
Whilst ANGRAVALLE was asleep,
She entertain'd his neighbour.

He

He was so pleasant and engaging,
She stay'd with him three hours at least,
And tho' he wak'd coughing and raging,
Her Husband could not spoil their feast.

They went on joyously, for nothing caring,
So keen is hunger;
Regarding him no more than a cheese-paring,
Or a Cheesemonger.

With her mouth she trumpeted and crack'd,
And made a noise so diabolick,
You would have sworn she had been rack'd,
And torn to pieces with the cholick.

I may thank you for all I feel,
Cry'd she to ANGRAVALLE, coughing,
If one was made of brass or steel,
You would wear one out to nothing.

Three months with cold have I been dying,
By your pretty way of lying,
Such usage is not to be borne,
Tossing and kicking cloaths and sheets!
And never cover'd night nor morn!
I could lie better in the streets!

Thus things being come to a conclusion,
NICENO stole away, she shut up shop,
Jump'd into bed without the least confusion,
Scolded a while, and slept like any top.

END of the FIRST PART.

ZACHARY'S TALE.

P A R T II.

AT noon she rose, recover'd quite,
 Her colour and her eyes confess'd,
 They were so radiant and bright,
 That nat'ral physick is the best :
 As ANGRAVALLE had foretold,
 Natural physick carry'd off her cold.

What could not be foretold so well,
 What he could only hope at most,
 That night she rais'd him, like a spell
 Raising the devil or a ghost.

Her charms and efforts were so great,
 His cure was compleated ;
 Nay, 'twas so thoroughly compleat,
 That all the proofs were twice repeated.

But this she knew she could not long rely on,
 Nor would it do by half ;
 Unless a lamb will satisfy a lion
 That can digest a calf.

That half is far more than the whole,
 In former times, was HESIOD's thought ;
 She was persuaded from her fowl,
 That half is only more than nought ;

I

And

And consequently less than half must stand,
Just like a cypher, plac'd on the left hand.

This sudden revolution
Caus'd in her Husband a revulsion,
Which caus'd a resolution
To yield, and follow its impulsion.
His country-house wanting repairing,
He thought to take a three days airing.

Though he had vow'd a trust unshaken
For his BINDOCCHIA's late merits;
For all the trouble she had taken,
To comfort him, and raise his spirits;
Yet when he bade his wife adieu,
His jealousy broke out anew.

He left the Gardener instructed;
He was to watch and lie perdu,
To see how matters were conducted,
And to report upon a view:
And after this the Knight departed,
Sadly foreboding and faint-hearted.

His Lady knew, that time, like riches,
Should be enjoy'd;
Which are but lumber in one's breeches,
When unemploy'd:
Her greatest happiness she ow'd
To time judiciously bestow'd.

PAULINA

PAULINA was directed strait
The Coadjutor to secure;
He was that night to officiate
In ANGRAVALLE's vacant cure:
For three whole nights, which is surprizing,
Was he employ'd in burying and baptizing.

After such business and hurry,
It ever was my confident belief,
That he was rather glad than sorry,
When ANGRAVALLE came to his relief;
Though the last night an accident fell out,
That might alarm a man less stout.

Returning through the garden late,
He spy'd, within the avery,
The Gardener lying in wait
To perpetrate some knavery:

Although betray'd,
He knew his Cousin's parts too well
To be afraid
Of aught the Gardener could tell;
Nor ventur'd, in affairs so nice,
To interpose his own advice.

As to all salutary measures,
He trusted to that native wit,
Abounding in inventive treasures,
And inexhaustible as PITT---

In State Affairs, if not in Letters,
NICEÑO may be an example,
When we give credit to our Betters,
To make it generous and ample.
BINDOCCHIA thus, upon the brink of ruin,
Smil'd at the mischief that was brewing.

She was peeping through her window lattice
Just when she heard her Husband rap;
Not as a rat is,
A rat that's peeping through a trap;
But as a cat is,
A cat with a considering cap.

Whilst he was knocking at the gate,
BINDOCCHIA sily descended;
She knew the temper of her Mate,
Enough to guess what he intended;
Having, in cog, upon occasions,
Assisted at his consultations.

The council-room was under-ground:
Where he repair'd when he alighted,
The bill against his Spouse was found---
And the poor soul, to be indicted;
A trial was decreed,
Proceedings settled and agreed.

The Court broke up, all parties to their task
Till things should be reveal'd,
BINDOCCHIA issu'd from an empty cask,
Where she had lain conceal'd.
Her Husband took a turn or two
To smoothe the wrinkles on his brow---

Then smiling, like a mind at ease,
He march'd up to his Lady's chamber,
And found BINDOCCHIA on her knees
Before a crucifix of amber :
A situation,
That he beheld with indignation.

But he kept down his swelling bile,
Inform'd by sober reason,
That his revenge, delay'd awhile,
Would not be less in season ;
She neither mov'd her eye, nor her eye-brow,
'Till she had sung the Litany quite through.

Then rising with a chearful air,
So modest, and so unaffected,
That ANGRAVALLE well might stare,
When he consider'd and reflected.
However, with some perturbation,
He stammer'd this Oration.

I must

I must return---this afternoon,
On bus'ness, that I can't neglect;
To-morrow I will be here---soon;
Sooner, perhaps,---than you expect.

I thought, if I did not appear,
Knowing how great your love and care is,
That you would certainly, my Dear,
Be full of fears and quandaries---
So I must instantly go back,
As soon as I have got a snack.

Whilst this same snack was getting ready,
PAULINA call'd upon her scholar,
A circumstance that kept him steady---
And help'd him to digest his choler.

His meal dispatch'd, he set out in an amble,
Full of his great and wise intentions,
BINDOCCHIA, in a short preamble,
Explain'd her doubts and apprehensions,

Laid open all her plans and schemes,
Her arguments and speculations,
Which were so far from being dreams,
PAULINA thought them revelations;
Her schemes, like Harlequinery,
Were all dumb shew and scenery;

The whole, so artfully invented,
So free from all affected airs;
It must succeed, if represented,
By any tolerable players.

PAULINA had a part assign'd,
In which her cousin knew she shin'd.

They were resolv'd to try the event,
And set about it with good-will,
Knowing, before the night was spent,
They might be forc'd to shew their skill---
Which made PAULINA hasten home,
To be prepar'd against the time to come.

PAULINA told the Gard'ner in the entry,
To mind her message, and take heed,
To leave his post where he was sentry,
And let his Lady know with speed,
That she had quite forgot to say,
The message he was to convey.

That she had bus'ness in the town,
But she would send the fringe and lace,
Drawings and patterns for the gown,
By her own maid the Bolognoise.

BINDOCCHIA might keep her flattern,
Keep her all night, if she requir'd,
'Till she had drawn and done the pattern,
And the designs that she desir'd.

Tho'

Tho' these were terms to him like Greek,
Yet he deliver'd his commission,
And did, as well as he could speak,
Deliver it with great precision.

And now as soon as it was night,
He lock'd the gates of the great court,
And introduc'd the jealous Knight,
By a back way, or sally port.
Within the av'ry, in ambuscade,
His Lord and Master watch'd and pray'd.

Being first inform'd how matters went,
That none had enter'd ever since his going,
Except a wench PAULINA sent,
That was above, drawing designs for sewing,

A Bolognoise with scarf and veil,
Twanging through the nose and snuffing,
As if she had been from head to tail,
Loaded with a Naples stuffing.

The night was still, the moon was bright,
When he, in an ill-fated hour,
Discover'd plainly, by her light---
NICENO passing by his bow'r.
On which, with resolution,
He put his wrath in execution.

Our jealous Knight, in the first place,
Summoned all his wife's relations;
As witnesses of her disgrace,
And of his wrongs and patience,
Dragging along, with many others,
His Lady's father, and her brothers.

How did her brothers storm, her father weep?
When op'ning her room door, upon the bed,
They all beheld the Lovers fast asleep,
Upon her bosom lay NICENO's head.

But when they saw the Lovers rise,
How great their wonder, what must they suppose?
They hardly could believe their eyes,
Seeing PAULINA in NICENO's cloaths---
And here the injur'd wife began to hector,
Reading the following lecture.

His jealous fits were ev'ry hour,
Nay, ev'ry minute, growing stronger,
'Till he had put it past my pow'r,
To bear his folly any longer.

Having observ'd the jealous fool
Following me when I was sick,
Every time I went to stool,
I own it touch'd me to the quick.

K

PAULINA'S

PAULINA's goodness and devotion,
Was shock'd at my determination,
Insisting it was a rash notion,
Altho' she own'd the provocation ;
Advising me to club our wits,
To try to cure my Husband's fits.

Whilst ANGRAVALLE was away,
Indeed, I blush whilst I am speaking,
I spy'd the Gard'ner, where he lay,
Watching like a thief, and sneaking.

So having found the thing I sought,
A key that turn'd the garden door lock,
I was transported with the thought,
Of punishing my stupid block.

PAULINA, as she had often done,
Borrow'd her cousin's cloaths, and in the garden,
In order to compleat our fun,
Appear'd before the Gardener, my warden.

My spouse, we did not doubt the least,
Would be inform'd as we desir'd,
We knew that the suspicious beast,
With rage and vengeance would be fir'd.

His

His second going was to deceive,
 It happen'd just as we suppos'd,
 And now I humbly conceive,
 He is sufficiently expos'd---
 This is the history,
 Of all this mystery :
 And now I beg, his temper such is,
 To be deliver'd from his clutches.

Her Husband, touch'd with true compunction,
 Acknowledg'd his transgressions,
 She spoke with so much force and unction,
 He promis'd before all the sessions,
 If she would pardon what was past,
 That this offence should be the last.

And as a proof that his designs were good,
 The Gard'ner should be discarded;
 She should chuse servants, and go where she would
 Unguarded.

BINDOCCHIA consented,
 And never afterwards repented.
 PAULINA to her maid retir'd,
 Which maid was not according to the letter,
 But in this fashion was attir'd,
 On purpose to conceal NICENO better.

So well he acted, I'll engage,
That this NICENO might have play'd
On any theatre or stage,
The snuffling Bologna maid.
PAULINA dress'd herself before she went,
Her maid had brought her cloaths for that intent.

People that I suspect for scoffers,
Pretend that whilst PAULINA was undressing,
NICENO made her handsome offers,
Which she could not refuse, he was so pressing.
They were together, 'tis confess'd,
Two hours before she could get dress'd.

However 'twas is undecided,
But as to him he was compleat,
In every circumstance provided,
And fit to serve a pious cheat,
But, to be able to serve two,
Is more than either you or I can do.

THE
PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S
AND THE
STUDENT of LAW'S TALE.

A M A N U S C R I P T
Found at CRAZY-CASTLE.

Supposed to be wrote about the Time of HENRY VIII.

P R O L O G U E
 TO THE
 PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S
 AND THE
 STUDENT of LAW'S TALE.

ONCE on a time, how many years ago,
 As I could niver learn, you cannot know,
 A Member of the Parliament,
 And a Law-student, his relation,
 Rode out of town with no intent,
 Unless it was for recreation.
 Full fixty is the Member, and hath seen
 Many a famous King, and comely Queen—
 In yvery reign, in yvery age,
 He flourish'd in prosperitie;
 In the beginning was a Page,
 Now Privy-Counsellor is he.
 His personage is grave and full of state,
 Yielding him weight and vantage in debate;
 But with a boon-companion gay and free;
 No ceremony, no mysterious airs;
 Just as a Privy-Counsellour should be,
 If he had been a Page of the Back-stairs.
 The Student's Father is in perfect health,
 Thank God, and waxes daily strong in wealth;

Wants

Wants not his son to get a heap,
But just enough of Law,
To guard his own Estate, and keep
The Neighbourhood in awe ;
And I dare venture to maintain,
Herein his Father's hopes shall not be vain.
Allbeit, he doth not attend the Courts,
And redith none but GEOFFERY's Reports ;
Yet PLOWDEN lying ever on the table,
Opin and spread,
He is counted full as able,
As if he had him in his head.
So, as I signify'd before, these two
Ride out of town, having nought else to do.
Six miles from town, this Member hath a box
For contemplation good ;
Where he retires, as thoughtful as an ox
Chewing his cud.
He creeps into his box of stone,
Sometimes for pleasure, oftener for whim ;
Or when he is tir'd of every one,
Or every one is tir'd of him.
It is call'd a Box, and there's a reason why,
Because therein a man lies himself by---
Within a box, if you your cloaths conceal,
The fashion and the worms conspire,
To make a suit, that was genteel,
Fit only for the Sheriff of a shire ;
But good enough for you,
If in your box you lie too long perdu.

When

When you come out again, 'twill be too late;
You and your coat will both be out of date---
Here then they light, and now suppose them dining;
Suppose them also grumbling and repining;
The bacon's fusty, and the fowls are tough;
The mutton over-done, the fish not done enough;
The cloth is drawn, the wine before them set;
Wine, like themselves, entirely on the fret:
Muttering their prayers, exchanging looks askew,
Just like two rival beauties in a pew.

What might have happen'd no one can decide,
Had not, by fortune or design,
The Butler in the cellar spy'd
A hoard of admirable wine:
Bounce goes the cork; sparkles the glass;
Cousin, here's to your favourite lass:
And here their purgatory ends;
For after this
They enter into perfect bliss,
Drinking like perfect friends:
Drinking, because drinking promoteth joaking;
Joaking without insulting or provoking.
The evening finishes with equal glory,
The worthy Counsellor proposing
To make a closing,
By telling each a merry story.
I have one fram'd, says he, in GEOFFRY's phrase;
GEOFFRY's the Courtier's language of those days.
The Student likes the motion well;
Says he, I'll answer you with one quite new---
My tale in courtly speech I cannot tell;
But I can tell a merry tale, and true.

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

T A L E V:

REIGNID in Yorkshire one of mity fame,
Clepid King GRIG, as *Kronikels* proclaim;
Thilk Prince delighted ay in mirth and sport,
Japis and jollitries of yvery sort;
 And now when pepil lough, and *rage*, and play,
 Folk name them merry Grigs until this day---
 This King, I undirstond, hath *venimid* his *blud*,
 Whereby he hath lost his *corage* and his *rud*;
 Sore *shent* is he by Cupid and his mother,
 And woe-begone far more than any other---
 The Kingis mother dere, Queen WHITY *hight*,
 Because her *beer*, also her skin is white,
 Is Queen of Cortesy, and Beautis Pride,
 Gentil and modest as a maidin bride.
 She sends to Potikers and *Leeches* grave,
 Prays them to spare his life, and membris save;
 Ne drogue ne instroment mote him avail;
 His joints are losen'd, and his cheekis pale;
 And he that *erst* would sing, and laugh, and jeer,
 Hath not he smilid once in *haf* a year.

There is a Conjorer, a *sottil Wight*;
 This Conjorer the Queen consults by night.

Clepid, called. *Thilk*, this same. *Japis*, jests. *Rage*, frolick. *Venimid*
his blud, tainted. *Corage and his rud*, his strength, his spirits, and complexion.
Shent, hurt. *Hight*, called. *Beer*, hair. *Leeches*, physicians. *Erst*, for-
 merly. *Haf*, half. *Sottil wight*, a cunning fellow.

74 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

The Neekromanzir, according to his guise,
 Casteth his figures, poreth on the skies,
 And redith how to cure the Kingis woe;
 His Grace until an heling-well shall go,
 And bath his lims for fivin nights therein;
 And fivin maidins, strippid to the skin,
 Shall *frote* his body, 'till one, by her devise
 And cunning touching, hele him in a trice.

Both King and Queen, you may be very sure,
 Are in great haste to set about the cure.
 Now is she setten forth in brave array,
 And with the *sely* King upon her way;
Yccompany'd with Minstrels and *Japers*,
 Jugglirs and Morrice-dancers, cutting capers;
 One time that thing which Ministers delite,
 Shall, in another season, breed dispite;
 For when the King is sad, it is ungracious thing
 If *everich-one* is merrier than the King.
 In this fort journeying, they come at last
 Unto the well, wherein the King him cast;
 His body chafid is, with special care,
 By fivin naked damfills passing fair.

The King hath view'd them well in every *piece*,
 Withouten splint, or malanders, or grease;
 Hard are their breastis, skin as smothe as glasse;
 Plomp be their bottoks, and as tight as brass;
 Smale are their feet; each feature, every limb,
 Lies in the fairest form, and sweetest trim---

Frote, rub. *Sely*, sick. *Yccompany'd*, accompany'd. *Japers*, Jesters.
Everich, every *Piece*, part.

The

The Queen examinid hath craftily
 For Maidins of the best virginity;
 None of these fivin hath spilt her maidins-hede,
 As in these days moch reson was to drede.
 Handlid and chafid with *sick daintyness*,
Wexid the King to gather *lustyness*;
 And *notabul* it is to *everich* eye,
 How he is rais'd and cherished thereby.
 The fivinth day they all are out of pain;
 Symptome of helth appearid very plain;
 Whereat the Queen rejoices as is need,
 Honoring the Maidin who hath done the deid;
 And yet when he returnid hath to Court,
 The King *mote* not be pleas'd in any fort;
 And all that Lords and Ladys can invent,
 Shall but encrease the Kingis discontent;
 Wherfor the dutyfull Queen hieth her,
 And counselleth again the Conjorer.

He spieth, in his secret *Boke of Magie*,
 How the same Maidins *mote him rectifie*;
 And yvery buxom Maid shall speke a tale,
 And yvery Maid to make him lough assail;
 And she that makes him lough shall thence be led,
 And have the Kingis company in bed;
 In bed, or any other pleasant place,
 Wherever it shall please the Kingis Grace.

Sik, such. *Daintyness*, elegance. *Lustyness*, strength, health, &c. *Notabul*, plain. *Everich*, every. *Mote*, might. *Boke of Magie*, Conjuring book, *Mote*, might. *Rectifie*, set him to rights.

76 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

And lo the Queen these joyful tidings bears
To Chappil, where the Maidins are at prayers---
Away the Maidins hurry them from Matins,
Apparrelling themselves in silks and fattins;
And all the fivin Damzils, out of hand,
Are fet before the King at his command---
He doth ordain each Maid to speke by lot;
Allso, because ne word shall be forgot,
A Scribe is there to notice all they say---
And now six Maids have talk'd for haf a day;
And yet, for all the talking they can make,
They scarce can keep the Kingis Grace awake.
Then came the fivinth Maidin in degree,
But cannot speke her tale for modesty.

My tale, saies she, I wold begin, but fear
A word unseemly to a modest ear;
My tale without this word cannot be told,
And to deliver it I am not bold---
What means the Maidin, quoth the King *in ire*,
You may *gloze* any word if you *enquire*?
I am no *Clerk*, saies she, her Grace well knows,
Pleasith you, Sir, may teach me how to *gloze*;
Bot I will trie to do the best I may,
That you may better frame what I would say---
Of all God's creatures its the choicest fare,
Yet he that has the least, has the best share.
I shall not graunt your prayer, the King reply'd,
Riddils are derk; and Paraphrase is wide:

In ire, in a passion. *Enquire*, study. *Clerk*, scholar. *Gloze*, to wrap up ænigmatically.

Bot

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 77

Bot well I know the Latin and the Dutch,
Of Fraunce and Tofcany I have a touch:
Now, any of these tongues, if you're enclin'd,
Fair Maid, may seem to shape what you would find.
Dutch, quoth the Queen, my fon, the maid demands,
It is a tongue no Christian undirstands.
Well, quoth the King, fair Maid, this dredefull name,
That werkith in you fo much strife and shame,
Pronounce they Fotz throughout all Germany;
Now you may fpeke your ftory *hardily*. ---

Sir, quoth the buxom Maid, upon a time,
A jolly Knight there was in all his prime,
Soot were his eyes, and manly was his face,
Lufly his limbs, his body in good cafe;
A piercing and a pleasant wit withall,
Ne vice had he, but that *his means* were fmall:
Here the King turning, doth the Scribe befcech,
To lofe no word, nor fentence of her fpeech.

Upon a *joyful tide*, the King of Kent
Proclamid hath, a noble turnament,
There yvery Knight enforced is to be;
Unless he will be *held of villanie*;
Our Knight, Sir AMADOR the debonaire,
Mote thither with his Squire and fteed repair:
And having traveled five days *anend*,
The Knight and Squire unto a meadow *wend*,
Ynamilid with pinks and cowflips gay,
Thro' which a rivir glides as bright as fummir-day,

Hardily, boldly. *Soot*, fweet. *Means*, Fortune, Eftate. *Joyfull Tide*,
Time of Feftivity. *Held of Villanie*, degraded and reduc'd to the condition
of a Vaffal. *Anend*, ftrait forwards. *Wend*, arriv'd.

Upon

78 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

Upon the banks grows many a beechin tree,
And many a spreding oak most fair to see;
There they espied in the cristal lake,
Three nakid damzills of an heavenly make;
Their *wimples* and their gowns of *broudid* filk,
Ywrought with gold, their smokkis white as milk,
And all their costly garments were display'd
Undir an aged oak's ynticing shade.

Behold the Knightis color changeth hue,
At sight so unexpected and so new;
Not that Acteon's hap *ydraddid* he,
Worried belike for *sik* audacity.
The Knight he blosh'd, because he *tbote* within,
Such nakidness shall make a faint to fin.---
Gazeth Sir AMADOR with all his mite,
Tasteth thereof the 'Squire but brief delite,
For being more ynclined unto prey,
Stealid their smokkis and their robes away.
The Maidens noted the unworthy Swain,
And calling to the Knight, declare their pain;
Soon the ynragid Knight arrests the Squire,
And turnith to the Maids with their attire,
Making excuses, he could do no less,
For his intrusion on their nakidness,
And with profound respect and reverence,
Saluting each by turns he bears him hence.

He is hardly gone, before they all agree,
They should have done the Knight some cortesy;

Wimples, Neck-kerchief. *Broudid*, embroider'd. *Ydraddid*, fear'd.
Tbote, thought. *Sik*, the like.

And

And call him back ; the eldest Suster spoke,
 Sir, we be Fairys living by this *broke*,
 And *sikirly* unfit it is for us,
 That have such power, to be discourteous ;
 Wherefore some tokens at our hands receive,
 And for myself, this token will I leave,
 Wymen to pleasure you shall ever strive
 In any land, so long as you're alive,
 And you shall niver fail in wymen's pleasure,
 And when you please, shall please them without measure.

The second Fairy saith, Sir Knight, my token
 Is of a nature wondrous to be spoken---
 And now the Damzill's tale cannot proceed ;
 Her face, as any burning coal, is rede.
 Quoth then, the King divining sottely,
 The word you seek, is Fozz assuredly:
 True, saies the Maid ; and so the Fairy saith,
 That whosoever Fozz he questioneth,
 Shall make an answer, or if none she gives,
 The Fozz shall fare the worse for't whilst she lives.

My Suster, quoth the third, under correction,
 Your token's good, but lacketh of perfection,
 The Fozz may be, by accidental cause,
 So busy that she cannot move her jaws ;
 Whenever this doth happen, I intend
 Her next door neighbour answer for her friend---
 The King no longer can refrain from laughter,
 Also the Queen herself him follows after.
 I will reward you well for this anon ;
 Mean time, quoth he, my pritty Maid, go on.

Broke, brook. Sikirly, certainly.

The

80 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

The Knight *ne yvir* having seen a *fay*,
 Thinketh they *japen* him in that they say---
 He overtakes the Squire, and on they ride,
 Discourfing on the Fairys, fide by fide;
 Happened a *Freer* of a neighboring abbey,
 Rideth abroad in gallant pomp that day,
 Mounted he is upon a dapple mare,
 And loketh altogether void of care,
 Rosy his cheeks, a twinkling hazle eye,
 He seemid Patriarke of Venerie;
 Or, Pontif of renowned *Baal-Peor*,
 Certes you fhall not oft meet fuch a Freer,

Ne yvir, never. *Fay*, Fairy. *Japen*, banter. *Freer*, Friar.

Baal-Peor, or *Baal-Phegor*, from whence, perhaps, *Pego*, and the adjunct *Βαλλοκ*, whose priests are opprobrioufly called *Βαλλοκς*, or *Followers of Baal-Peor*; who, according to Dr. Middleton, was a god of the Moabites, the fame with *Priapus*. (See *Germana quædam monumenta*, by Dr. Conyers Middleton, S. T. P. in Quarto, page 65, with two monuments elegantly engraved of *Βαλλοκ-παιγω*.) The Doctor fays, from the authority of the Fathers, that he was the hobby-horfe of the women of Ifrael, page 69.—That the new-married women had an *Idolum Tentiginis*, which our language is incapable of rendering; and, that they not only took great delight in getting aftride of this idol, but they were enjoined to do fo as a religious ceremony. The Doctor has given a defcription of one of thefe idols, which he has had the good fortune to fee at Rome. As our Ladies are not under any obligation to praëtise all the ceremonies of the Ladies of Ifrael, I am lefs concerned at my want of erudition to explain to them fufficiently the meaning of feveral of the Doctor's terms.

The idol's head is like the head of a cock, but inftead of a beak, is a ftupendous *Fafcinum*: upon the bafe is infcribed, ΣΩΤΗΡ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ, *the Saviour of the World*.

I cannot believe (however respectable the authority) that the children of the Roman nobility wore the *Fafcinum* about their necks: I do not mean that it is an unbecoming ornament; one may be eafily convinced of the contrary, by cafting an eye upon the two belonging to the Doctor and his friend Dr. Warren, with which, as I faid before, he has obliged the Publick, in his *Genuine Antiquities*; but, confidering the ingenuity of the Romans, why might not their *Fafcinum* be the fame, and for the fame purpofe, as that of the Chinefe?—If the Doctor had feen thofe of Mrs. Chenivix, he certainly would have been of another opinion. But, what is the moft remarkable of all, is, that in the Chinefe language *Δαδω* fignifies a *charm*. A convincing argument of the weaknefs of an hypothesis, fupported only by the etymology of words.

The

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 81

The Knight accosteth him, noteth the beast,
 The dapple mare that bears the stately priest;
 Fotz, saies the Knight, I question thee to say,
 Whither thy master hieth him this way?
 Finding she needs must answer him par force,
 Distinctly answers Fotz, tho' somewhat hoarse,
 What you require I will deliver brief,
 My master is *avowterer* and thief;
 He hath robb'd the sacresty of churches plate,
 And to his *lemman* beareth it in state.---
 The Priest, astroy'd such a voice to find,
 Believeth Sathanas is there behind;
 Descendeth from the mare, voweth repentaunce,
 Leaving the Knight talking with new acquaintance;
 The Priest is lame, and no great hast can make;
 He waddles like a duck eftir a drake.

Fotz, quoth the Knight, pray tell me as we go,
 What is it makes the Freer waddil so?

Sir, quoth the Fotz, about a year agon,
 Our Abbot and my Master, Freer JOHN,
 Discourfing, riding round the Abbot's Perk,
 Of leachery and prankis in the derk;
 The Abbot softly *rounith* brother JOHN,
 All fauncies have I *proven* everich one,
 Whereby a man may find the greatest joy,
 The pleasantest his talent to employ---
 Yet thereto, though I oft have been inclin'd,
 Have not I yvir practic'd *out of kind*.

Avowterer, adulterer. *Lemman*, Mistress. *Rounith*, whispers. *Proven*,
 tried. *Out of kind*, unnaturally.

M

Nor

82 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

Nor I, says Freer JOHN, I do declare;
Trie we then, says the Abbot, with the mare:
But reason giveth property the place,
Wherefor thyself shalt have the first embrace.
Freer consents, and, for his evil deeds,
Ungirds the cords whereon he strings the beads;
Bindeth therewith mine hinder leggis twain,
Holdeth me fast the Abbot by the rein;
And letting go his steed, he praunceth by,
And with a kick lamid the Freer's thigh;
Else had I been, upon my corp'ral oath,
Ravyshed by a Freer and Abbot both.

Now forward Knight and strange companion trots,
Laughing the Knight, and communing with Fotz;
Upon a hill not far they do descry
A castil fair, with *towris* broad and high;
Shaped their course unto the castil strait;
Opin'd the Porter hath the castil-gate.
The Seneschal hath led the Squire and Knight
Through goodly chambris curiously *bedight*,
Unto an hall hung round with tapestry,
Of PHAROH's host, *drenchid* in the Rede Sea,
There at their supper sit the Gouvernante,
Or Lady of the Castil, and her Ant;
This Lady is a Wedo fresh and young
And froliksome, and hath a merry tong---
And looks so kind, and sings such lovesome strains,
No marvel that her Lord hath *braft* his reins.

Towris, towers. *Drenchid*, drowned. *Tong*, tongue. *Braft*, broke.

Welcome,

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 83

Welcome, Sir Knight, saies she, unto my board,
I have not seen a Nobler since my Lord.
The Knight and 'Squire sit them down to eat,
The board is cover'd with all kind of meat;
Rich wines the pages pour in christal glasse,
And many a choice conceit and laugh doth passe.
The hour is late; tarrieth the Aunt for spite,
Riseth the Lady---wisheth a good night.
The Knight in bed, ay thinketh on his host,
Sleep hath he none, for wantonness of ghost.
This bounteous Wedo gives her maids a call,
Chusing the best, and fairest of them all;
Biddeth her go unto the Knight, and say,
She comes to solace him 'till it is day.
And that her Lady bids her say in bed,
How much she wishes she was in her stead:
Bot may not have the opportunity,
Because, for spite, the Aunt with her doth lie.
The maidin flies; her heart with gladness beats,
Strippith, and creepith in between the sheets.
Turnith the Knight unto the maidin gent,
And both do passe the time with moch content---
And aftir they have ragid to the full,
Strokid the Knight, and givith Fotz a pull,
And saieth, little Fotz, tellith me true,
Be you aggriev'd with that I have done at you---
As I am a Christian, Fotz, replied she,
I nivr pass'd a night with so much glee---

Ay, always.

M 2

Up

84 THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE.

Up sterts the Maidin, runnith in difmay,
 Into the room next that her Lady lay,
 And finds her Lady up, and sitting there,
 Mus'ing and pond'ring in an elbow-chair.
 Yon Knight, quoth she's a witch, or something badder,
 He conjur'd hath the Devil in my bladder;
 After he did me twenty times and more,
 Oftner than ever I was done before;
 He pulleth Fotz, and of its own accord,
 Spekid the mouth that niver utters word---
 Child, quoth the Lady, set your mind at ease,
 Most of us all ~~have~~ have had the like disease,
 Working anights at foch a grievous rate,
 Lozens the Fotz's tongue, and makes it prate;
 The Lady thinks to humour her is best,
 She deems her head is light for want of rest---
 Yes, saies the Maid, they have tongis withoutdoubt,
 I have seen Fotzes tongis hanging out.
 Go, get to rest, replies the Lady bright,
 A little sleep will set your matters right.
 The Maidin goes, the Lady at the dore
 Harkneth, and stealeth to Sir AMADORE;
 Sir Knight, quoth she, it is not very civil,
 To give my Maidin's Fotz unto the Devil:
 Fotz is no chamber for so mean a groom,
 He might have been content with a worse room.
 I use no fiend, quoth he, but have a skill,
 To make what Fotz I please, talk when I will---
 Talk, saies the Lady, I engage this ring,
 You neither make it talk, whyffel, nor sing---

Out

THE PRIVY-COUNSELLOR'S TALE. 85

Out flew the Knight, most terribly array'd;
 At sight whereof the Dame was nought afraid--
 Upon the bed the Lady hath he pitch'd,
 And there she lay, as if she was bewitch'd:
 And after many pleasaunt fauncies there,
 Breathed the Knight awhile, to take the air;
 And whispering the Fotz, holding his nose,
 Biddith my Lady Fotz tell all she knows.
 Gapid the Fotz, and gabbill'd far and wide,
 Telling such things, the Wedo swore she lied.
 I yield, saies she---you are a skilful youth;
 I yield, if you will stop that lyar's mouth--
 'Tis mighty well, saies she, we soon shall trie,
 Whether my Lady Fotz has learnt to lie---
 And thrusting into Fotz's mouth a gag,
 Her next door neighbour's tong began to wag.
 Saies she, in a crack'd voice, like one you feign,
 All that Fotz sayth I am ready to maintain.
 Enough, the Lady saith, Sir Knight, have done,
 Here, take the ring, I own 'tis fairly won;
 And since you are a Knight of so great power,
 Freely I offer both myself and dower;
 And certes one was made for t'other's sake---
 For you can give no more than I can take.

The fabul's finished, the King is *bele*,
 The Damzill is contented yvery deal;
 And GRIG had sons, and they had many heirs,
 And they were all like GRIG, all free from cares,
 Their hearts would nivr sink no more than cork,
 And tho' no Kings, they still are Dukes of York.

Hele, whole recovered.

The STUDENT of LAW's TALE;

O R,

The CURE for SYMPATHY.

T A L E VI.

SIGN of the Lamb, near Ludgate, you may find

The sign is emblem of the owner's mind,

EMANUEL COOPER dwelleth in that place,

A Mercer, with an yvir-smiling face,

Speking so soft, and pityfull, and meeke,

It seems he rather bleateth than doth speke,

All pepil that do pass he humbly greets,

Nay, when the wanton stops him in the streets,

Tho' he doth most abhor the harlot's waies,

That she will let him go, he softly praies,

Altho' she holds him fast he will not swear,

But, yvir-smiling, doth intreat her fair---

He hath heard his Onkil say there is ne vice

He mote eschew like Harlotry and Dice;

Harlots make men unfit to get an heir,

And Dice consume all that the Harlots spare;

This Onkil is a Scriv'nir in the Strond,

Is rich, and lendeth money upon lond,

A batchellor, and old, and dredeful fly,

And trustith not to possibillity:

For he will see EMANUEL have a son,

Before he builds the house at Edmonton,

With

With golden letters wrote upon the wall,
Advising folk to name it Cooper-hall.

The way EMANUEL toke to get a wife,
Is subject of this Tale, and best of all his life.
EMANUEL hath near served out his years,
Having ne vice at all the Onkil fears,
Ne cause the Onkil hath to be afraid,
Vice hath he none but craftyness of trade.
And now above a month his mastir's gone
To drink the rede cow's milk at Yllington,
And yvery day they loke for him to die
Of a Consomption and the Lipprosie,
And for that he doth trust EMANUEL,
He leaveth him alone to buy and sell.
His Dame was brought up high, and knows not trade,
To an Earl's Countess was she waiting-maid,
Posys for rings contrives, and rhimes indites,
And can discourse, either with Squires or Knights
Having quaint terms, and phrases to propound,
Which those that dwell by Poul's cannot expound,
But she hath long been very sick, and vows,
How she hath got the sickness of her Spouse,
Her Husband's kindred also do proclaim,
How he hath got the sickness of the Dame;
That she hath secret drogues, and but pretends
To use the drogues her Husband's Doctor sends:
And so by following another course,
She is grown better, and the Husband worse.
His Doctor says, that she is whole and pure,
And doubteth not that he hath done the cure:

Her

Her Spouse will not be cur'd, the Doctor sees,
 Because of complication of disease.
 Doctor and ISABELL maintain it still
 That ISABELL was smit by RICHARD'S ill;
 RICHARD rejoices she hath gained helth,
 Maketh his will, and leaveth her his welth.

ISABELL'S eye hath notic'd many a time,
 EMANUEL COOPER entering in his prime,
 And hath delighted, many a time, to see,
 Soch perfect maiden-like simplicitie.
 One evening in her chamber she will sup,
 And bids the Maid to call EMANUEL up;
 Bloshing, and hanging down his heade, he comes,
 Sitting him down, and loking at his thumbs---
 Upon the bed by her she makes him sit,
 And helpeth him to yvery dainty bit;
 Come, saies the Dame, filling a cup quite up,
 Take off this wine, I will not bate a sup:
 Unto my Mastir's helth, quoth he, and drinks it dry;
 Lord take his soul, saies she, and falls to cry,
 Name him no more, for it will break my heart,
 The Doctor saies, that he shall soon depart,
 And also saies, that when my Spouse is slain,
 I shall not after him long time remain,
 By sympathy his malady I have,
 And sympathy shall join us in the grave;
 The remedy for sympathy is sure,
 But it is one I nivr will endure:

Quoth

Quoth then EMANUEL, weeping as he spoke,
 Your case would pierce a heart, if it was oak,
 Bot if you flay the life that you may spare,
 It is a sin as dedely as despair.
 You speke devout, quoth she, but Heav'ns a friend
 To all that mean no ill, when they offend.
 Quoth he, that is but *sotelty*, I fear,
 For where the law is plain, the fault is clear;
 Is it not written, that you shall not kill?
 Therefor the crime is both in deed and will:
 I do confes, quoth she, stroaking her ring,
 Deep is the judgment of your reasoning---
 Besides, saies he, my Mastir may mend yet;
 With that at once she falls into a fit,
 Catches EMANUEL by the hand, and saies,
 For mercy's sake, EMANUEL, cut my staies.
 EMANUEL takes a knife and cuts the string,
 And ISABELL about his waist doth cling:
 Feel but my heart, saies she, how it doth beat,
 Put in your hand, EMANUEL, farther, sweet.
 In sooth, quoth he, you are in piteous hap,
 The maid had best come up:---I'll give a rap.
 No, no, quoth she, I thank you for your love,
 Sit down upon the bed, you shall not move;
 Pity for me, hath wrought in you distress,
 Another cup will cure your hevyness.
 The wine, to make it richer cordial,
 Mingled the Dame, Cantharides withall;
 EMANUEL drinks it up, the wine is choice,
 Wipeth his mouth, and cleareth up his voice:

Sotelty, Subtilty.

N

Madam,

Madam, quoth he, if Heaven doth intend,
 To take away my Mastir, and my friend,
 The byfness of the shop I'll undertake,
 Both for your own, and for my Mastir's sake.
 In that I am contented well, quoth she,
 Could I but take the Cure for Sympathy:
 It is a filthy Cure---EMANUEL, mark;
 You may suppose yourself to be the spark:
 Take a young spark, it says, and let him be,
 A maid and modest, not past twenty-three:---
 From twenty-three shall he begin to count,
 And do the deed, 'till he to thirty mount;
 And he must secret swear; and also both
 Shall bind their member, with a fearfull oath
 That neither he nor she shall find delite,
 But do the act; as if it was for spite.
 Quoth then EMANUEL, stiff as any stake,
 For now the wine hath made him quite awake,
 As to the maiden-term am not afraid;
 As Bleffid MARY, am I very maid:
 I am but three and twenty yesterday;
 But for the oath I know not what to say;
 I am content myself it so should be,
 If that the members also will agree.
 'That's in your power, saies she, there is no doubt,
 If you'll not think of what you are about;
 You must continue, when you are occupy'd,
 To think of any other thing beside.
 For instance; when you are arrived there,
 Keep thinking of a rabbit or a hare.---

And

And we need never feel, nor know no more
 Than doth the shuttle-cock and battle-dore;
 Without more words, this treaty shall have force,
 And all the rest are only forms of course.
 Leave we the parties interchangeably,
 To take the solemn oath, and ratify.
 They both went on, thinking and nothing saying,
 'Till the last payment of the sum was paying;
 And then EMANUEL cried out, I find
 I cannot keep the hare within my mind;
 When once you fall a spinning like a top,
 Rabbit and hare out of my mind do hop---
 Go on, you fool, saies she, What makes you stop.
 The sum is paid, yet still in bed they lay;
 Her Sympathy is not quite sweat away:
 Up stairs the maiden comes, raps at the dore,
 Shouting, my Mastir's dede for yvirmore;
 His man from Yflington, doth say, below,
 That he went off as any child shall go.
 Shout not, the Dame replies, I understand,
 Holding EMANUEL's handle in her hand.
 Run to the Undertaker of our street;
 I fear me RICHARD will not long keep sweet:
 I go, quoth she, EMANUEL this day,
 Too far for health to lose it in the way:
 And as it needs must be provoking pain
 To run this race of penitence again,
 And as---your three and twentieth year is out,
 It is but safe to take another bout:
 If this had been but a pretence or trick,
 She mote have pleaded false Arithmetick;

But

But, as she fairly own'd the whole receipt,
It's evident she had no design to cheat;
And so EMANUEL, after some pause,
Mended the bill, and put in a new clause---

I will not paint the dismal funeral,
The Wedo's lamentations tragical;
Whoso delighteth to depicture woe,
Richly deserveth wretchedness also:
Yet can I not describe, without a sigh,
The penalties that wait on perjury.

EMANUEL is foresworn; it is his doom
To languish with one foot within the tomb:
For three whole moons in raging pain he lay---
The fourth the perjurd limb is snatch'd away---
Heaven is pleas'd at last, EMANUEL found,
And for so small a loss glad to compound,
What great Philosophers observe is true,
Although a Member will not grow anew;
Yet, notwithstanding this, the member brother
Fares better for the absence of the other;
For, when they go together in a pair,
The next surviving brother is the heir;
But if they're single, and the right not plain,
The benefit devolves upon the brain;
And thus EMANUEL, having need of it,
Receives a pritty legacy in wit:
He gives the Potiker and Surgeon fee
To keep the loss of Member secrecy.

No longer to the Chaunge EMANUEL resorts,
He is allwaies at the Stews and Inns of Courts;

He

He drinks and beats the Watch, lies out anights,
Living with Lawyers Clerks and wicked Wights.---

In greatest grief is interval of ease ;

One day the Wedoe seizeth one of these,

Calleth EMANUEL, sheweth plain the case,

How, from the lewdness of his last embrace,

It happens that she is not healid quite---

Trie to be more compos'd, saies she to-night.

Compos'd, EMANUEL saith ! it cannot be ;

With you I needs must feel felicitie.

To do an act like this from generous sense,

Without desire, is true benevolence :

Benevolence belongs to marry'd life ;

'Tis what the Law bestows upon a Wife.

Benevolence for Lawyers various speak ;

Some say is once a month, some once a week ;

However, from the whole, it doth appear,

One should not put it off beyond the year.

I own there is another sentiment,

That once in a whole life-time is sufficient.

Benevolence, say these puzzlers and confounders,

Is just the same as riding of the bounders.

EMANUEL, quoth she, I cannot guess,

Whether your Modesty or Wit is less ;

Wit, in a Mercer, is both sin and shame ;

Return it to the stews from whence it came---

I value not, quoth he, your wipes a straw---

I find great use in studying of the Law :

And now observe---To all and singular,

EMANUEL COOPER hereby doth declare,

By

By virtue of Recovery and Surrender,
It is agreed, between him and his Member,
That he, the said EMANUEL, shall direct,
And, for the future, shew him no respect;
And he, the said EMANUEL, doth disclaim
All further sinfull knowledge of his Dame,
In any fashion, or in any place,
At any time or upon any case:
Provided, and it is hereby agreed,
If he and she to marrying accede,
This shall by no means hinder the good man,
Then and at all times, to perform the best he can—

This crafty Covenant between these twain,
Hath made the Wedo think 'till thinking's vain;
And finding now no hope on other score,
Resolves at once, and doubteth niver more---
Calleth her friends, maketh for life the lease,
And sleepeth with EMANUEL in peace;
And, to compleat his and the Onkil's joy,
Bringeth him once a year a curios boy;
And now the Onkil's dead, and they have all,
And keep their Christenmas at Cowper-Hall.

P * * T Y ' S T A L E ;
O R , T H E
C A V A L I E R N U N .

*Novimus et qui te, transversa tuentibus hircis,
Et quo sed faciles nymphæ risere sacello.*

T A L E VII.

BOOTH high and low ! simple and wise !
Agree in making a great bustle,
About a certain pair of eyes,
Belonging the House of R----L.

Though not so awful and discreet,
There was a pair of eyes at Brussels,
Far more compassionately sweet,
Than Lady CAROLINA R----L's.

Her eyes are like those swords of fire,
The flaming swords to Angels given,
By which impure and rash desire
From the forbidden fruit are driven.

Far other eyes are those I mean,
I speak of an inviting pair,
The property of frail eighteen,
A Nun as amorous as fair.

Impassion'd

Impassion'd eyes, fit for a Nun ;
Eyes that love lights and VENUS shapes ;
Eyes like the gilding of the sun,
Gilding ripe nectarines and grapes.

The Lady Abbess was her Aunt,
And, as they lay in the same cell,
The Abbess was so complaisant,
She pass'd her time exceeding well.

She had the privilege alone
Of running in the convent-ground,
Surrounded by high walls of stone,
Just like a filly in a pound.

Within this close were shady trees,
And there an Oratory stood ;
A Chapel of delight and ease,
When folks delight in doing good.

After her matines and her complines,
Here she spent many pleasant hours ;
Instead of making cakes and dumplings,
Purses and artificial flowers.

'Twas a delightful life she led,
Here every day she met her monk,
Unless he was confin'd in bed,
Which was the case when he was drunk.

One day within this Oratory,
As she was with her Monk in chat,
Instead of being solitary,
And melancholy as a cat ;

Chatt'ring with many a lewd device,
In which they neither were to seek,
Tricks that Love teaches in a trice,
Better than studying a week ;

In gibberish, and playful cant,
Father, says she, pulling him down,
I've a great mind to turn gallant,
And give your Reverence a green gown :

And, like my Aunt, I'll make you mad,
As mad as King NEBUCHADNAZOR,
When she transforms you to a pad,
As he was turn'd into a grazier.

For all your stiffness and your pride,
With whip and spur, I'll make you run ;
To which the humbled Monk reply'd,
Spouse of the Lord, thy will be done.

Her pad, as sturdy as a Miller's,
She taught to rear, curvet, and prance,
Make graceful caprioles, and dance,
As if he was between the pillars.

O

The

The Nun cry'd out, My Lady Abbess!
My Lady Abbess! without cease,
Your ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all your paths are joy and peace.

This whole Tale is comprized in a single Monkish distich, which the Author has, with infinite delight, often heard repeated by the person whose name this Tale bears. As the Tale is entirely taken from that hint, his worthy friend has the best title to it.

*In viridi prato Monialem ludere vidi
Cum Monacho leviter, ille sub illa super.*

DON PRINGELLO'S TALE:

The FELLOWSHIP of the Holy NUNS;

OR, THE

MONK'S wife JUDGMENT.

T A L E VIII.

----- *Detur potiori.*

Don PRINGELLO was a celebrated Spanish Architect, of unbounded generosity; at his own expence, on the other side of the Pyrenean mountains, he built many noble castles, both for private people, and for the *public*, out of his own funds; he repaired several palaces, situated upon the pleasant banks of that delightful river, the Garonne, in France, and came over on purpose to rebuild Crazy Castle; but, struck with its venerable remains, he could only be prevailed upon to add a few ornaments, suitable to the stile and taste of the age it was built in.

THERE is a noble town call'd Ghent,
 A city, famous for its wares,
 For Priests and Nuns, and Flanders mares,
 And for the best of fish in Lent.

There you may see, threat'ning destruction,
 A hundred forts and strong redoubts,
 Just like VAUBAN's, with in's and out's,
 And cover'd-ways of love's construction.

In one constructed as above,
 There dwelt two Nuns of the same age,
 Join'd like two birds in the same cage,
 Both by necessity and love.

In towns of idleness and sloth,
 Where the chief trade is tittle-tattle,
 Tho' Priests are commoner than cattle,
 They had but one between them both.

Our Nuns should have had two at least,
 In Ghent they're common as great guns,
 Which made it hard upon our Nuns,
 And harder still upon the Priest.

But he was worthy of all praise,
 With spreading shoulders and a chest,
 A leg, a chine, and all the rest,
 Like HERCULES of the FARNESE.

Amongst the Nuns there was a notion,
 That these two Sisters were assign'd,
 To him, for a severer kind
 Of penitential devotion.

His penance lasted a whole year,
 And he had such a piece of work,
 If it had been for turning Turk,
 It could not have been more severe.

Our

Our Nuns, which is no common case,
 Living together without jangling,
 All on a sudden fell a wrangling
 About precedency and place.

They both with spleen were like to burst,
 Like two proud Misses when they fight,
 At an Assembly for the right,
 Of being taken out the first.

Before the Priest they made this clatter,
 Between them both he was perplex'd,
 And study'd to find out a Text
 To end the controverted matter.

Children, said he, scratching his sconce,
 I should be better pleas'd than you,
 Could I divide myself in two,
 And satisfy you both at once.

Angels, perhaps, may have such powers,
 But it is fit and seasonable
 That you should be more reasonable,
 Whilst you're with Beings such as ours.

Be friends, and listen to the Teacher,
 Cease your vain clamour and dispute,
 Be ye like little fishes mute,
 Before Saint ANTHONY the Preacher.

To

To end at once all disputation,
I'll set my back against that gate,
And there produce, erect and straight,
The cause of all your altercation.

But first you both shall hooded be,
Both, so effectually blinded,
'Twill be impossible to find it,
Except by Chance or Sympathy.

Which of you first, be it agreed,
The rudder of the Church can seize,
Like PETER's Vicar with his keys,
Shall keep the helm, and have the lead;
She shall go first, I mean to say,
And have precedence every day.

The Nuns were tickled with the jest,
They were content, and he contriv'd
To give the helm for which they striv'd,
To her that manag'd it the best.

THE POET'S TALE;

OR, THE

CAUTIOUS BRIDE.

T A L E IX.

BRIDES, in all countries, have been reckon'd,
 For the first night, timid and coolish,
 If they continue so the second,
 They always have been reckon'd foolish;

The reason's obvious and plain,
 In many nice and ticklish cases,
 There's much to lose and nought to gain,
 By affectation and grimaces.

A Bridegroom on the second night,
 Whipt off the bedcloaths in surprize,
 Behold, my dear, said he, a fight,
 Enough to make your choler rise.

She turn'd away as red as scarlet,
 Whilst he continu'd, Pray behold,
 Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,
 That looks so impudent and bold.

This is the fifteenth time in vain,
 He has been sent to jail and fettered,
 But there's no prison can contain
 A prison-breaker like JACK SHEPHERD.

The

The Bride turn'd round, and took her place,
After some studying and thinking,
Said she, recovering her face,
Tho' modesty still kept her winking,

In vain the vagabond's committed,
And to hard work and labour sent,
If you, his keeper, are outwitted
By his pretending to repent ;

You treat him ruggedly and hard,
Whilst any insolence appears,
But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,
The moment that he falls in tears.

Now you must know, that I suspect,
A fellow-feeling in some shape,
Or else you would not through neglect,
Let him continually escape.

I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,
That you'll deliver him to me,
And suffer me to keep him there,
'Till I consent to set him free.

THE

GOVERNOR of T**LBURY'S TALE;

OR, THE

Unreasonable COMPLAINT.

T A L E X.

A Brute, a Peasant dwelt near Nantz,
For they're synonymous in France,
Who every day of his vile life,
When he had nothing else to do,
Thrash'd, or apply'd his wooden shoe,
To the posteriors of his wife.

But as all good and evil's equal,
All was balanc'd in the sequel;
Every night, he had that pride,
His debit, on the whole amount
Of the posterior account
Was balanc'd by the other side.

Like debts of honour lost at play,
Before he slept, he was sure to pay.
And every morn before he rose,
He left her over and above
A token of his constant love,
Steady and constant as his blows.

P

One

One morning at his Spouse's levee,
 The blows and curses fell so heavy,
 Before the Lady of the place,
 Poor JAQUETTE ran with her complaint,
 With all the red and purple paint
 Bestow'd upon her nose and face.

The Lady pity'd her just grief,
 And took a course for her relief;
 PIERRE was summon'd to appear,
 And must have rotted in a jail,
 Had he not found sufficient bail,
 For his behaviour for a year.

The dread of fines, a jail and whipping,
 Like other folks, kept him from tripping.
 About a month after this pass'd,
 For JAQUETTE the good Lady sent,
 And ask'd her if she was content,
 And PIERRE peaceable at last.

Truly, says she, I must confess,
 That mine's a singular distress,
 For tho' he beat me black and blue,
 At night he always made it up,
 In bed, over a chearful cup,
 Where I was as content as you.

But now, he says, he's off his mettle,
Because we've no accounts to fettle.

Let him indulge his appetite,
This very day let him begin
A fresh account, upon my skin,
And fettle it this very night.

After such plenty of good fare,
To be reduc'd is hard to bear.

What then, my Lady, must I feel,
Depriv'd entirely of my meat,
Without a morsel left to eat,
Except what I can beg or steal?

The Lady cry'd, You'd make one think,
That you did nought but eat and drink.

Did you live always at this pass,
Or now and then, and then it ceas'd,
Like Shrovetide, or a village Feast,
Or like a Bishop's saying Mass?

A tear stood trembling in her eye,
Whilst JAQUETTE made her this reply.

He was as sure as the Church Chimes!
And I can say, what few can say,
He allow'd me three warm meals a day,
And afternoons too sometimes.

'Twas not from indigestion,
That never was the question;
If now and then my fare was worse,
It was, because the day before,
He happen'd to allow me more,
Than was convenient for his purse.

The Lady cry'd, submit in quiet,
My Spouse all day shall thrash his fill,
I'll never say that I'm us'd ill,
If he'll allow me such a diet,

THE
NOBLE REVENGE:
OR THE
L * * B's TALE;

TALE XI.

ALL people, languages, and nations,
In summer-time, have country stations,
And have contrivances and ways,
Some very old and others new,
To get the better of long days,
Which are the hardest to subdue.

In Italy the morning passes
In visiting and hearing masses,
And every creature, after dinner,
Retire in couples or alone,
Both male and female, faint and finner,
Strip themselves naked as a stone.

All the world's out when night approaches,
A-foot, in curricles, and coaches;
Then they give concerts and act plays,
And Sup at one another's houses,
The Wives go with their Chechibays,
Their Mates with other people's Spouses.

In France, and probably in Spain,
 Summer gets on with toil and pain;
 The Ladies fally, with long canes,
 To gather flowers, or pick a fallet,
 Attended by fantaftick Swains,
 Like Figure-dancers in a ballet.

Some ftay within and do much better;
 Some only ftay to write a letter;
 Others into the garden run,
 To bowl, or shoot with bows and arrows;
 STREPHON, with CHLOE and a gun,
 Makes love, and fires among the fparrows.
 Kill all the tenants of the grove,
 But let thofe live that only live to love.

Pray, how do English fummers go?
 They pafs their fummers but fo fo;
 More like the Germans than the French,
 Drinking as long as they are able,
 And never thinking of a Wench,
 'Till all the liquor's off the table:

But when they give their mind that way,
 No people more alert than they.

VENUS is cruelly afraid,
 BACCHUS encroaches there fo much,
 Left he should spoil the Cyprian trade,
 As PLUTUS fpoils it with the Dutch.

One summer, in the month of June,
My Lady was quite out of tune ;
To set things right, she and my Lord
Repair to the old country-seat,
Which to enjoy, with one accord,
They lie apart, and seldom meet.

They neither need to mope alone,
Each have companions of their own ;
His are the worst without all question,
Led-Captains, Squires, Parsons, without end ;
Hers, females of a strong digestion,
MINGOTTI and her Fiddling Friends.

But then my Lord had a resource,
Which made things equaller of course :
There is a place his Lordship chuses,
I know not upon what pretence,
To call the Temple of the Muses,
Built with less judgment than expence.

To push on time a little faster,
My Lord appointing a toast-master,
Oft to the Temple's sacred shade,
Retires, like NUMA to his charmer,
To meet some favourite Chamber-maid,
Or the fair Daughter of some Farmer.

One afternoon a spy reveal'd
 The secrets that those walls conceal'd---
 When my Lord was inclin'd to take it,
 There was a room for making tea,
 My Lady's woman us'd to make it,
 And always us'd to keep the key.

He had left off tea some time ; but why,
 ABIGAIL was resolv'd to spy.
 Within the room she made, or found,
 A hole to peep into the next ;
 Her labour with success was crown'd,
 Though the discovery made her vex'd.

He left off tea, you may infer,
 Because he was tir'd to death of her.
 She saw as plain as eyes could see,
 And never saw him half so keen,
 My Lord as busy as a bee,
 Sipping the sweets of sweet Eighteen.

To be discarded and turn'd off,
 Of every servant-wench the scoff,
 For whom ? The Wife of a mean Taylor :
 Such was the Nymph in the Muses house ;
 She look'd as if she could impale her,
 Even as a Taylor would a louse.

My

My Lord return'd, fated with glory,
 And BETTY ran to tell her story---
 Says she, your Ladyship's so kind,
 My zeal for you made me suspicious;
 I watch'd, but never thought to find
 Any thing downright flagitious.

Against mankind she declaim'd next,
 And then stuck closely to her text;
 Minutely painted the whole scene,
 The Nymph, her Age, her lovely Figure;
 And, to encrease her Lady's spleen,
 She magnify'd his Lordship's vigour.

Great was her Ladyship's distress,
 How she would act, is hard to guess;
 All folks allow Revenge is sweet,
 And many think that nothing's sweeter,
 But 'tis a maxim with the Great,
 The meaner the Revenge the greater.

Caprice, according to FONTAINE;
 Guides almost every female brain;
 If meer caprice can raise a flame,
 To make a Dwarf enjoy a Queen,
 Revenge, may make the noblest Dame
 Employ an instrument as mean.

Nature left to herself most prone is,
 To follow the *Lex talionis*,

Q

In

In every nice and doubtful case,
 My Lady drove as nature led;
 And so she took in my Lord's place,
 Her rival's Husband to her bed.

A Taylor's nothing on his board,
 In bed he's better than a Lord,
 Her Ladyship found him so there;
 And by his help, after ten years,
 At last produc'd a Son and Heir,
 That made my Lord the happiest of Peers.

To the L A D I E S.

LADIES you have heard of Tit for Tat,---

Lex Talionis was like that:

It was an equitable law, whereby
 You weigh'd the person and the failure;

It gave you tooth for tooth, and eye for eye,
 And for a Lord, sometimes a Taylor.

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